

# Maine Farmer

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS LITERATURE NEWS &c.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

Vol. LXI.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1893.

No. 50.

## Maine Farmer.

Read the address of welcome to Piscataquis Grange, in another column. There is something there to think about. Don't overlook it.

Our chestnut trees are again giving us a bountiful crop of nuts, well filled, large, and every way very fine. For several years in succession now they have given us an annual crop. In view of the fact that the chestnut thrives as well here as our common forest growth, it is unaccountable that more of them have not been grown in the State. While making a desirable ornamental and shade tree, the fun of picking chestnuts is a pleasure not to be overlooked.

Sagadahoc county had its usual good luck of fine weather for its annual exhibition. Two lovely autumn days never laid their benediction over a county fair. The idea that early September monopolizes all the good fall weather, is an error. Besides, the matured products of the farm, garden and orchard are far more attractive as well as more valuable in their influence, as was plainly shown at this exhibition. No county in the State is doing better work with its fair than is Sagadahoc. Efficient effort is sure to win.

The work of the executive officers of the Maine State Pomological Society this fall will be so enlarged in its scope as to hold two public meetings, one in the afternoon and one in the evening. The meeting will be held in Winthrop on the 26th of this month. The exercises of the public meetings will consist of the discussion of orcharding in the afternoon, and small fruits in the evening. The topics will be introduced by members of the executive committee and followed up by others. The exercises will be interspersed with appropriate music, in charge of Charles Moore, during the evening session. All are cordially invited to attend the meetings and join in the discussions and other exercises. It is believed that topics of general interest to all fruit growers will receive consideration.

The last and final crop report for the season of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, shows the year's results on the farms of that State to be much the same as in our own State. Indian corn was among the crops severely injured by the gales of the latter part of August, and it did not recover from the damage then suffered. A fair average all over the State would give no more than a three-fourths crop. Fall feed suffered from the prevailing dry weather, while for the same reason the rowen crop, usually quite an item in that State, was very light indeed. Potatoes were below an average crop save in a single county, but the quality is good and no rot has appeared. The apple crop is very light throughout the State, and in many localities a total failure. The cranberry crop is fully an average, and probably a little above, in Barnstable county the crop is reported the largest ever grown.

"Whenever any organization attempts to interfere with the higher (presumably classical) education of a college, that organization is bound to get crushed," said Pres. Murkland in his inaugural address at the New Hampshire State College. Unless we mistake the temper of the ten thousand loyal, aggressive, progressive, intelligent patrons of New Hampshire, the President of their State College will, before five years, go down before this same organization and plead for its cooperation in the work of education, and that all thought of high or low will drop out of consideration. Contrast this position with that taken by Pres. Harris, at Orono: "Before this audience, so largely made up of representative farmers of the State of Maine, I wish to declare my thorough interest in the cause of agricultural education. I propose to be loyal and just to all departments of the college work, but in no line do I so earnestly court success as in agriculture."

### LESS STOCK—WHY SO?

We see by the daily papers that the returns made to the Board of State Assessors by the local Assessors reveal some facts of importance in connection with our live stock interests. Complete returns have been received from only a part of the counties, but these show a considerable falling off in the value of cattle in these counties. The following comparison with 1892, as given by the Assessors, shows to what extent this is going on:

	1892.	1893.
Knox	562,298	558,362
Oxford	1,319,037	1,268,698
Piscataquis	564,225	513,219
Waldo	916,531	879,448

This ratio appears throughout nearly the entire State.

From a close analysis of the returns made, it is plainly shown that this decrease is chiefly confined to oxen. The following comparison of a few of the counties will show the falling off in this one class of cattle:

	1892.	1893.
Knox	860	804
Oxford	1,795	1,486
Piscataquis	639	404
Waldo	3,658	2,922
Waldo	1,087	1,104

is no marked change found in the State at large.

It is a significant fact, however, and one of no small importance, that in all these counties there is a gain in the number of horses on the farms. In Knox it is 183; Piscataquis, 311; Lincoln, 40; Oxford, 244; Waldo, 138, and so on.

We do not look upon this falling off in the number of oxen kept in this State as in any sense indicating decline in our stock interests, neither as a matter to be regretted under existing relations. It plainly shows, what the most intelligent of our farmers have been obliged to conclude, that beef making in Maine is no longer profitable on any considerable scale, and that it must be displaced by other lines of work. That there is a marked falling off in the number of oxen kept is, then, an evidence of the application of an intelligent conclusion on the part of the farmers. If beef making is no longer profitable among us, then it is quite time that it be dropped off. Farmers must be governed by existing conditions. It would be folly to persist in following an unprofitable branch of their business.

Besides, this is not a sudden change. It has been under way for several years, and has been plainly visible at all the fairs, and never so plainly shown as at the fairs of the season just past. Without exception there have been less oxen and steers on the ground than in former years.

The marked increase of horses among farmers, as shown by the Assessors' returns, can hardly be endorsed in full. That there has been a boom on in horse breeding by farmers cannot be questioned. That farmers are finding, or going to find, the rearing of so many colts on their farms profitable is by no means certain, and that this can be made a profitable substitute for the beef business now being discarded remains to be proved.

### MAINE GRAPES.

Not in many years have we had so fine grapes from our vines as the present. The berries are surprisingly large, well packed in the bunch, and clusters heavy; and above all, and most important of all, they are well ripened. Clusters of Concord have been picked that would be no discredit to the grape regions of New York.

We are not quite able to account for this remarkable perfection of this fruit. The season has neither been a long one nor a hot one. In fact since the purpling of the fruit commenced, the temperature has rated rather low, many nights going close down to the frost line, and none of the time giving us any of those heated days and nights considered so important in the ripening of the later fruits. Notwithstanding this absence of heat the ripening has seemed to go right along until the perfection we speak of has been reached, and we are enjoying fruit grown by our own industry and gathered from our own vines. There may not be much profit in this fruit as values are measured, but there comes a satisfaction from producing it that has no measure in marked value.

There are but few varieties of grapes to choose from. The old Hartford Profite is always reliable. Concord will sometimes disappoint though it has done nobly this year. The Moore's Early is a few days earlier than Concord, and will generally ripen. These are all strong growers. Later comes the Green Mountain, a little earlier than Moore's Early, and so far has proved quite sure to ripen. This has the objection of being a green grape, though the quality is quite acceptable. This has now been under trial long enough so that it may be set down as an acquisition for the State of Maine. There are still other new varieties under trial which need more time to prove their merits.

But one thing need never be overlooked in all efforts at growing grapes in Maine. The choice kinds of this fruit require a longer and a warmer season to perfect their rich juices than they are favored with. Hence Maine-grown grapes can only be the comparatively inferior sorts, and with these we must be content.

### OVERDRAWN.

In a report of a very excellent Pomona Grange meeting in Waldo county, found in one of our exchanges, Mrs. Minnie Wentworth, in an essay, claimed that farmers were inclined to cry down their own business. And she went on to say that "when everybody else is talking good times, they are waiting, farming doesn't pay." We read it in the newspapers, agricultural orators announce it from the platform, and farmers' conventions pass long resolutions showing how miserable they are as a class," etc., and still more in the same strain.

Now we submit that this is carrying the charge altogether farther than facts will warrant. It is a misrepresentation in the extreme. True, an occasional farmer, as well as a representative of other classes, is occasionally met with, whom the world never goes right, but he is an isolated exception at the present time. Newspapers and public speakers alike are loud in their acclamations of the thrift, prosperity and happiness of the farming classes. This has no exception among us, in so far as we have the

opportunity of judging. It is hardly fair to so far distort facts to a damage, as is the case in the paper referred to. And especially in Waldo county, where the Grange has done, and is now doing, so much for the social, intellectual and general welfare of this class, so dark a picture could hardly be possible. The Grange has done much in breaking up that feeling that the farmer is placed under disadvantage; indeed, hardly a trace of such an idea is now to be found. In this regard the Grange has been a great educator, and nowhere has this influence been more potent than in Waldo county.

### RELATIVE CONDITION OF FARMERS AND TOWNS AND VILLAGE PROPERTY.

The Homestead has been gathering some valuable statistics indicating the ownership of farms and village lots. That three-fourths of the farms of New England are free of mortgage indebtedness is a fact not realized, and surely not appreciated. Compared with other sections, and the lesson is most suggestive. The figures show that the average life of a mortgage on the farms is less than the mortgage on lots, while the number of the latter largely exceeds the former.

The figures present facts which should be treasured by every reader.

### "NUMBERS AND DURATION OF MORTGAGES."

Name of State.	Number of mortgages.		Average life of mortgage.	
	On farms.	On lots.	On farms.	On lots.
Maine	20,985	27,806	5.5	6.3
New Hampshire	14,557	10,632	5.9	6.2
Vermont	22,294	12,094	5.4	6.2
Massachusetts	33,365	14,417	5.9	6.1
Rhode Island	2,640	18,755	5.6	6.2
Connecticut	12,911	45,083	5.4	6.2
Total	116,172	229,849	6.0	6.2

The mortgages on acre average only 11 per cent. of the value, while on lots the average is over 18 per cent. This is for Connecticut. Probably the same is sufficiently true in other states to warrant the statement that the city homes are mortgaged much nearer to their actual value than is the case with the homes of farmers' families.

Naturally, therefore, the average amount of each mortgage on acre tracts is much smaller than on lots.

But the question which best emphasizes our point is this: In every 100 families who live on farms, how many own their places free, how many own with encumbrances, and how many hire; and of every 100 families who live in homes, in city or towns, how many own their homes free or with encumbrance, and how many hire? Here are official figures that answer these questions:

MAINE.			
In every 100 there are:	Owned free.	Owned mortgaged.	Hired.
Farms, Homes.	72	29	8
Farms, Homes.	38	36	52
VERMONT.			
Farms, Homes.	29	17	54
MASSACHUSETTS.			
Farms, Homes.	59	26	15
Farms, Homes.	39	29	67
RHODE ISLAND.			
Farms, Homes.	61	14	25
Farms, Homes.	16	10	74
CONNECTICUT.			
Farms, Homes.	57	25	18
Farms, Homes.	18	16	66
FIVE STATES.			
Farms, Homes.	59	24	17
Farms, Homes.	28	13	63

This table brings out the remarkable fact that in every 100 of our New England families who live on farms, in the States named, 59 own their places free and clear, while of the families who live in large cities and towns only 28 per cent. own the places they live in. Still, more notable is it that in these States only 17 per cent. of the farm families hire their places, against 63 per cent. in the case of homes. In other words, the proportion of city people who live in hired homes is three or four times larger than the proportion of farmers' families who are tenants. The figures for the different States are very interesting, and the comparison carries its own lesson."

By the above figures it will be seen that the per cent. of free owners is considerably larger than in any other New England State, and correspond with the claim so often made in these columns, that the farmers of this Pine Tree State are in better financial condition than in any other State in the Union.

### DRY COWS.

Some of the cows are probably running dry now, and of course are out of profit for the time. But by no means should the fact be overlooked that they need liberal feeding and generous treatment, though they may be taking a rest from milk production. This season of rest should be one of renewal of powers, and building up of the system in preparation for the increased work expected when the period of lactation returns.

Then by all means feed the cows well while dry, and give them the same thoughtful attention as in milk. The pay for this will not be made now, but it is sure to come in due time. It is just this continued care and good feed that makes the three hundred pounds cow and returns the liberal profit to the owner.

### THE BUTTER MARKET.

The outlook for butter, for several months to come at least, is good enough. Prices are already way up and no possible prospect in sight of anything different. The supply from all sources is less

than the current demand, occasioned by drought which has cut down the usual fall supply throughout the dairy districts. The cold-storage stock of Boston is 12,000 tubs short of last year. The receipts of butter in Boston since May 1, are about 250,000 pounds less than for the same time last year, while the exports are 290,000 pounds greater, which makes the enormous deficiency over last year of 540,000 pounds. Maine dairymen will do well to push their cows for all they are worth during the coming winter months.

### THE NATIONAL GRANGE.

The National Grange holds its annual session this year at Syracuse, N. Y. In November next. Last year the session was held at Concord, N. H. The holding of this annual session in the East again this year shows the strength of the organization in this section of the country as compared with the West and South. The fact is the Grange has taken stronger root in New England and the eastern States than in any other section of the country. There are good reasons for this. It is an intelligent and well educated organization. In the western States a large share of the farmers are immigrants of other nationalities, and do not so readily comprehend and accept the principles on which the order is founded. Hence the Grange finds its permanent reliable strength among New Englanders and other native Americans. The session at Syracuse promises to be one of much interest.

The National Master has issued the following address:

DELTA, O., October 12th, 1893.  
To the Members of the Order of the Patrons of Husbandry, Greeting:  
The National Grange will assemble in annual session, at the city of Syracuse, N. Y., on the first Wednesday after the second Monday in November, being the 15th day of the month.

The indications point to one of the most important and interesting meetings ever held by that body. It is the privilege of every member of the Grange to bring whatever may seem to be important and for the "good of the order" to the attention of the highest legislative body of the order. Such subjects should be reduced to writing and submitted through the State Master. I hope all will feel free to avail themselves of this opportunity.

The sixth and seventh degrees of the order will be conferred in full form at this session. The sixth on Thursday afternoon or evening, or both should the class be large. The seventh will be conferred on the afternoon and evening of Friday the 17th.

All members in good standing who have received the degree of Pomona are entitled to these degrees, if application is made in due form, accompanied by the fee. If there are fourth degree members in attendance who have not received the degree of Pomona, and desire to obtain these beautiful and impressive degrees, arrangements will be made to accommodate them. All should, however, try to obtain the fifth degree of the Pomona Grange of the county or district in which they reside.

Patrons, come to Syracuse and visit us, we will be glad to see you. Reasonable railroad and hotel rates will be secured, and everything which the wide awake patrons of New York can do to make your stay pleasant and profitable will be done cheerfully.

Fraternally yours,  
J. H. BRIGHAM,  
Master National Grange, P. of H.

### Communications.

#### For the Maine Farmer. A PLEASANT OUTING—NO. II.

BY W. P. A.

After a night's excellent rest with our friends in Newcastle, we awoke to find another charming September morn, cool at first, but ushering in a day almost perfect in its freedom from clouds and haze, affording the traveler, from the highest hills, some very fine and extended views of the country. On leaving Newcastle we re-crossed the bridge—free into Damariscotta, and riding up the east bank of the river about two miles, we stopped at a farm house, took out some bars, and drove a short distance through a field down to the river's bank, where lie the famous oyster beds of Damariscotta and Newcastle. Well, we went, and we saw, and I was just about to say we conquered the doubt as to their origin; but we didn't. We left in just as much ignorance in that respect as the general public.

These beds are some thirty feet in depth, and very extensive. At one time a mill was erected there for grinding the shells for commercial use, but the mill burned down, and nothing has been done since. But how came these vast beds of oyster shells to be piled up there in so extraordinary a manner, and so far inland? Did the Indians do it? Were they the cause, as some think? Indian skeletons and Indian relics have been found close by; also rude ovens or kettles in which they roasted the oysters; and some of the older inhabitants say their grandfathers can remember when there were oyster beds in the Damariscotta River. Well, all I can say is, there must have been an immense number of Indians, or they must have had an enormous appetite, to have eaten and piled up so many oyster shells. I don't not dispute the statement that Indian relics have been found there, or that Indians may have eaten oysters

there; but I cannot help thinking that the oyster beds themselves have a history older than any tribe of Indians inhabiting this continent, and that the accumulation is only the natural result of natural causes, and that the process would still be going on had not other causes stepped in to limit, and gradually to prevent, future deposits.

Gathering a few of the larger shells as souvenirs, we resumed our journey which led us in a rather circuitous route around the north end of Pemaquid Pond and Duck Puddle, and then in an almost straight easterly course into the little village of Waldoboro, where we crossed the Medomac River. Just before entering the village, we noticed away to our left the quarries of Waldoboro, where so many paving stones are made, and where some of the granite in the addition to our State House came from, and at the wharfs in the village vessels loading with paving blocks. The village, like Damariscotta Mills and other places, had been visited by the fire fiend, and was mourning the loss of factories, business blocks and other property.

In going from Waldoboro to South Union—our next objective point—we unwittingly drove considerably out of our way. Instead of turning to the east, out of this town into Warren, and around the southern end of Seven Tree Pond up to South Union, we kept on in a northerly course through Waldoboro, which finally led us over a very long and high hill. We did not cross the highest point of the hill, but we were sufficiently high to command one of the best and most extensive views of the country to be had in that vicinity. The descent of the eastern slope of the hill was long and winding, at the foot of which we took the northerly road curving around Round Pond into Union Common, and then down the road east of Seven Tree Pond into South Union, where just out of the village we reined up in the farm house yard of Mr. Willis A. Luce. Mr. Luce was away from home collecting fruit for the Columbian Exhibition, in the interest of the Maine Pomological Society, and so, unfortunately, we failed to see him; but his wife gave us a very pleasant welcome and a cordial invitation to remain overnight, which we accepted. Mr. Luce, as is well known, has been quite successful in the raising of small fruits, principally plums and strawberries. I think he has nearly two acres in plums, including Lombard, Bradshaw, Yellow Egg, and several new varieties. The soil is a rich clay loam, and made richer by high manuring, and the trees are set twelve feet apart each way. The land receives thorough cultivation, no grass being allowed to grow, but frequently when the trees are young smaller fruits are grown between the trees, such as strawberries, currants and gooseberries. Most of the fruit has been gathered, but some of the trees were heavily loaded, making a very handsome show, and showing what good cultivation, and the right kind of soil will accomplish. Last season he sold over \$100 worth of fruit, and this year as much, or more. The oldest bearing trees have been set seven or eight years, and all had made a wonderful growth, showing not only a very healthy condition, but comparative freedom from black knot.

But that which attracted our attention most, and was productive of more exclamations of wonder and delight than anything else, was a bed or plat of strawberry plants of about one-half or three-quarters of an acre in extent. This plat was situated about sixty rods from the buildings, on gently rising ground, just across the new line of railroad, which pierces Mr. Luce's farm from end to end. These plants were of several of the leading varieties set last spring, in April—rows four feet apart and allowing plants to run and form matted system—and had made such a wonderful growth as to completely cover the ground, except a clear space between the rows of about twenty inches. There was not a spike of grass or a weed to be seen. In all my travels I had never seen so many flourishing or promising plat.

Mr. Luce, for help, employs his brother-in-law, Mr. Gordon, who carries on the farm, with the assistance of his son, and what Mr. Luce himself can do, when free from his other duties. Mr. Gordon said they used no commercial fertilizer, only barnyard dressing, plowing under quite a heavy coating in the fall, and sometimes harrowing in more dressing in the spring. They run the plants about one year, and place special importance upon very early setting, heavy manuring, and the cleanness of culture, running the cultivator between the rows every week, and also using the hand hoe. Mr. Gordon said that two years ago the net proceeds from three-quarters of an acre amounted to \$500, outside of expense of delivery to Rockland—a distance of twelve miles—and that was not large. The new branch road from Warren to Union will save him that expense. Mr. Luce has quite a large and valuable apple orchard, but the major part of the trees were not bearing this year, although there was a fine showing of Pippins and Hubbardston Nonsuch. Mr. Gordon and son were about winding up the digging of a long trench, 900 feet in length, from a

spring in the pasture, in which a lead pipe had been laid to the barn, where a force pump was to be put to bring water for the stock.

Mr. Luce also carries on dairying in a small way, having a fine herd of Jersey cows, eight or ten in number. They have a Cooley creamer, and the cream is sold by the space to a company in Rockland. This company does a large business, driving in some cases as far as sixteen miles.

The people of Union are highly delighted, and very enthusiastic over the new branch road spoken of above. When it strikes South Union it follows around the eastern shore of the pond to Union Common, where the people with one accord hope it will stop—that is, they want the terminus right there, and not somewhere else. And that is what we all want—potatoes to grow nowhere else except on our farm; but these railroad folk are pushing fellows, and propose to stop at nothing short of Penobscot or Piscataquis counties. One enterprising citizen of South Union has already laid out a new street and marked out house lots for sale on his farm. May he be successful, and may great prosperity come to Union.

### Reported for the Maine Farmer. ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

To Piscataquis Pomona at Parkman Sept. 21st.

BY A. M. CORB.

Patrons of Husbandry, Brothers and Sisters: Parkman Grange gives you a warm greeting to-day and is glad to welcome you for the fourth time to our town.

To us, Patrons, this is a harvest festival—a time of good cheer as we make our annual "round up" from the harvest fields. Sunshine and rain have aided the tillers' hands; Jack Frost has touched us lightly, and although the grasshopper has got in his record, "we have got him on the list," and if he does not come next year "he never will be missed." This is a new version of the Opera Mikado and suggests the question in case of the grasshopper, how we may "fit the punishment to the crime." The grasshopper (may his tribe decrease) is a *rara avis*, the Latin professor says a *rare bird*, (let us be thankful for that.) And we shall be thankful when he is rarer. There are checks too fast, this year the check was a grasshopper, and the checks were plenty (in the fields not in the banks). Notwithstanding this calamity Parkman Grange is still living and paying its bills, and the members have come up smiling to bid you welcome. Parkman has sometimes been called a hard town. We are quite a number of parts made of granite and other kinds of stone. The toiler in the field finds it is not exactly a western prairie, but it is surely better than it was before a Granger saw it. *Ten men are wiser than one man*, and a Grange is combined wisdom, a pool of brains so to speak. It is not a board of trade, but more than that, a *board of production*.

There is sometimes more money made by swapping facts than by swapping horses or cows. A live Grange is a swapping market, an experimental station where experience counts for something and amounts to something because made current to flow from one farm to another. It is an intellectual exchange where brains are more valuable than stocks or bonds. Brains may be cultivated in the Grange and when taken home and applied be worth more per cord, than village dressing or more than phosphate at thirty dollars per ton. A traveler passing a well tilled field of corn asked the owner what he put under it to make such a growth; "brains sir" was the reply. So we have learned here in Parkman that it pays to put intellect into farming as it does in all occupations, and we claim that more intelligence has been used here in Parkman since the Grange was organized than before it had existence.

The burden of a heavy town debt has been lessened and I tell you confidentially here to-day, for it is a fact not generally known or admitted that there are as many as a dozen farmers in Parkman at the present time, who are supporting themselves and families solely by what they produce from the soil. I will tell you another secret, there are half a dozen more who are actually making money at farming. How much the Grange does to increase the number of these may be best answered by faithful and active patrons.

As there is no regular address to be made here to-day, may I detain you long enough to ask and answer these questions. If there are a dozen farmers in each town, (assuming Parkman to be an average town) who are getting a living by minding their own business, and really making farming business like and earning a livelihood, why may not two dozen or five dozen do it, instead of looking around to find a day's work to patch out the income? And if six men are making farming pay well, really laying by a good surplus, why may not a larger number do it? Have these men secret and marvellous recipes on which they are working? Is there some lucky combination of forces assisting them? We do not think it. However there are reasons for their thrift. These reasons are not because their soil is naturally better

than their less successful neighbors, it is not. The reason is not that they have inherited their acres and a bank book. They may or they may not have been so favored. Not all heirs of estates increase their wealth by agriculture. A majority do not increase it any way. A close observer will see that these six men have method, work on plans which require several seasons to complete. They have calculation, there is close management akin to what we see in manufacturing concerns. Accounts are kept and cost and values are not guessed at. We look on until we are driven to the conclusion that there is a chance to do business in agriculture and that putting under it brains will make farming a paying business or vocation. Why do not more get a good living like the dozen, and more increased riches like the half dozen? because of habits that hurt, and wastes that drain, and days and winters idled away without increase of knowledge; because of ignorance of agricultural discoveries; because the farm paper costs \$2.00 a year and a monthly \$3.00, and a scientific work \$5.00.

Pennywise and pound foolish, you know the adage. This is an age when literature is cheap. Why say we cannot afford the best literature relating to our work, when the fact is we are losers by ignoring it? What some spend for strong drink would buy the five dollar book; the yearly tobacco bill would buy two barrels of sugar, or four barrels of flour or pay twenty-five dollars on the tax. Too many farmers are road agents, think they must go to the village once and sometimes twice a day, and the two or three hours are not counted. The cause of so much indifference success is indifference to the vocation, wishing they were in something else, "farming does not pay." This talk is made before the sons and daughters and they are discouraged from farming and encouraged to enter the factory. There they must work many more hours in a year than will be missed. This is a new version of the Opera Mikado and suggests the question in case of the grasshopper, how we may "fit the punishment to the crime." The grasshopper (may his tribe decrease) is a *rara avis*, the Latin professor says a *rare bird*, (let us be thankful for that.) And we shall be thankful when he is rarer. There are checks too fast, this year the check was a grasshopper, and the checks were plenty (in the fields not in the banks). Notwithstanding this calamity Parkman Grange is still living and paying its bills, and the members have come up smiling to bid you welcome. Parkman has sometimes been called a hard town. We are quite a number of parts made of granite and other kinds of stone. The toiler in the field finds it is not exactly a western prairie, but it is surely better than it was before a Granger saw it. *Ten men are wiser than one man*, and a Grange is combined wisdom, a pool of brains so to speak. It is not a board of trade, but more than that, a *board of production*.

There is sometimes more money made by swapping facts than by swapping horses or cows. A live Grange is a swapping market, an experimental station where experience counts for something and amounts to something because made current to flow from one farm to another. It is an intellectual exchange where brains are more valuable than stocks or bonds. Brains may be cultivated in the Grange and when taken home and applied be worth more per cord, than village dressing or more than phosphate at thirty dollars per ton. A traveler passing a well tilled field of corn asked the owner what he put under it to make such a growth; "brains sir" was the reply. So we have learned here in Parkman that it pays to put intellect into farming as it does in all occupations, and we claim that more intelligence has been used here in Parkman since the Grange was organized than before it had existence.

The burden of a heavy town debt has been lessened and I tell you confidentially here to-day, for it is a fact not generally known or admitted that there are as many as a dozen farmers in Parkman at the present time, who are supporting themselves and families solely by what they produce from the soil. I will tell you another secret, there are half a dozen more who are actually making money at farming. How much the Grange does to increase the number of these may be best answered by faithful and active patrons.

As there is no regular address to be made here to-day, may I detain you long enough to ask and answer these questions. If there are a dozen farmers in each town, (assuming Parkman to be an average town) who are getting a living by minding their own business, and really making farming business like and earning a livelihood, why may not two dozen or five dozen do it, instead of looking around to find a day's work to patch out the income? And if six men are making farming pay well, really laying by a good surplus, why may not a larger number do it? Have these men secret and marvellous recipes on which they are working? Is there some lucky combination of forces assisting them? We do not think it. However there are reasons for their thrift. These reasons are not because their soil is naturally better

than their less successful neighbors, it is not. The reason is not that they have inherited their acres and a bank book. They may or they may not have been so favored. Not all heirs of estates increase their wealth by agriculture. A majority do not increase it any way. A close observer will see that these six men have method, work on plans which require several seasons to complete. They have calculation, there is close management akin to what we see in manufacturing concerns. Accounts are kept and cost and values are not guessed at. We look on until we are driven to the conclusion that there is a chance to do business in agriculture and that putting under it brains will make farming a paying business or vocation. Why do not more get a good living like the dozen, and more increased riches like the half dozen? because of habits that hurt, and wastes that drain, and days and winters idled away without increase of knowledge; because of ignorance of agricultural discoveries; because the farm paper costs \$2.00 a year and a monthly \$3.00, and a scientific work \$5.00.

Pennywise and pound foolish, you know the adage. This is an age when literature is cheap. Why say we cannot afford the best literature relating to our work, when the fact is we are losers by ignoring it? What some spend for strong drink would buy the five dollar book; the yearly tobacco bill would buy two barrels of sugar, or four barrels of flour or pay twenty-five dollars on the tax. Too many farmers are road agents, think they must go to the village once and sometimes twice a day, and the two or three hours are not counted. The cause of so much indifference success is indifference to the vocation, wishing they were in something else, "farming does not pay." This talk is made before the sons and daughters and they are discouraged from farming and encouraged to enter the factory. There they must work many more hours in a year than will be missed. This is a new version of the Opera Mikado and suggests the question in case of the grasshopper, how we may "fit the punishment to the crime." The grasshopper (may his tribe decrease) is a *rara avis*, the Latin professor says a *rare bird*, (let us be thankful for that.) And we shall be thankful when he is rarer. There are checks too fast, this year the check was a grasshopper, and the checks were plenty (in the fields not in the banks). Notwithstanding this calamity Parkman Grange is still living and paying its bills, and the members have come up smiling to bid you welcome. Parkman has sometimes been called a hard town. We are quite a number of parts made of granite and other kinds of stone. The toiler in the field finds it is not exactly a western prairie, but it is surely better than it was before a Granger saw it. *Ten men are wiser than one man*, and a Grange is combined wisdom, a pool of brains so to speak. It is not a board of trade, but more than that, a *board of production*.



## Woman's Department.

## THE KEY TO HAPPINESS.

BY C. E. L.

In vain I searched in gay measures,  
To find the key to life's joys and pleasures;  
But every one, though it brought the light,  
Did not bring peace to the troubled mind.  
For what I searched there, I could not find.

In the halls of the learned I lingered,  
And the printed page I betwined with mirth,  
But every joy, though it brought the light,  
Did not bring peace to the troubled mind.  
For what I searched there, I could not find.

In the shops and all places of trade,  
Where men grow rich and money is made,  
And the men gain wealth as they grow old,  
Their lives with joy might I long to hold,  
I struck not the key to the secret I sought.

In the classes of women and men,  
Where life seemed a joy, each for a friend,  
In hall room and boudoir I lingered long,  
To hear the music of the human song,  
That spoke of joy from the first to the last,  
That I might know life's happiness at last.

Yet I searched long, and in every place  
I turned away with a sad, sad face,  
For joy would never be gladness bring,  
True joy would never be gladness bring,  
True joy would never be gladness bring,  
True joy would never be gladness bring.

Away from the world I wearily turn,  
The secret of happiness I could learn  
From men and women, the old and the young,  
From dancing feet and the learned tongue;  
So to the woods by the babbling brook,  
I went and sought the truest of nook.

I bathed my head in the water's flow,  
I washed my face and I saw it glow,  
I listened to the song of the birds in the trees,  
I listened to the song of the birds in the trees,  
I listened to the song of the birds in the trees,  
I listened to the song of the birds in the trees.

I wondered from whence this spirit free,  
Why my heart beat so, and my soul so free,  
Why I was happy more, and the song of the birds,  
Why I was happy more, and the song of the birds,  
Why I was happy more, and the song of the birds,  
Why I was happy more, and the song of the birds.

Over the banks of the silvery stream,  
"Mong the flowers I eagerly leaned,  
That I might see the life of the world,  
That I might see the life of the world,  
That I might see the life of the world,  
That I might see the life of the world.

With my hand I followed among the flowers,  
I pressed away those happy hours,  
I tried to solve the hard problem there,  
I tried to solve the hard problem there,  
I tried to solve the hard problem there,  
I tried to solve the hard problem there.

Was I dreaming? What was it I heard?  
The brook's water, good, or the song of the birds?  
I awakened, I rose in mute surprise,  
I awakened, I rose in mute surprise,  
I awakened, I rose in mute surprise,  
I awakened, I rose in mute surprise.

Not so Teddy's grandmother. "Granny,"  
He held out bravely. She had  
Cooked the dinner standing on a chair,  
Cooked the dinner standing on a chair,  
Cooked the dinner standing on a chair,  
Cooked the dinner standing on a chair.

"Child of God, you have sought long (right)  
That would make life so happy and bright,  
Take it a joy from beginning to end,  
Take it a joy from beginning to end,  
Take it a joy from beginning to end,  
Take it a joy from beginning to end.

"Forget yourself," the brook seemed to say,  
"Forget yourself," the brook seemed to say,  
"Forget yourself," the brook seemed to say,  
"Forget yourself," the brook seemed to say,  
"Forget yourself," the brook seemed to say,  
"Forget yourself," the brook seemed to say.

The flowers with all their witching grace,  
As they looked me squarely in the face,  
That I might see the life of the world,  
That I might see the life of the world,  
That I might see the life of the world,  
That I might see the life of the world.

So not in vain had I searched all strife,  
And found the key to a happy life,  
That giving up all our selfish ends,  
That giving up all our selfish ends,  
That giving up all our selfish ends,  
That giving up all our selfish ends.

By F. M. H.

The trees of the forest are dyed in  
gorgeous colors, and the autumn sun  
smiles upon the beautiful landscape,  
smiles upon the beautiful landscape,  
smiles upon the beautiful landscape,  
smiles upon the beautiful landscape.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

This may apply to all classes, both in  
cities and towns. Viewing this stagna-  
tion of business from a practical stand-  
point, it is not surprising that for a  
town already burdened with debt to keep  
raising money for various purposes, ad-  
ding to the taxes of the poor farmer.

These times will doubtless bring people  
to a realization sense that they never knew  
before. The farmer, who has been so long  
in the habit of being "country bred," and  
in our daily life leave a silent  
impression that elevates and tranquilizes  
the turbulent mind and helps the rustic  
to perform duties both arduous and un-  
pleasant. Here upon the good old farm  
one forgets this has been a fast living  
and a fast thinking age. Hard times re-  
mind us, all good things have an end,  
though it is felt less in the farming com-  
munities.

In the language of the poet,  
There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

## HOME COOKERY.

SPONGE JELLY ROLL. OR WASHINGTON  
PUFF. Cream together one cupful of  
sugar and one-half cupful of butter, add  
two eggs, well beaten, one-half cupful  
of sweet milk, and two and a third  
cupfuls of flour, in which one measure  
of cornstarch has been sifted. Beat the  
mixture with vanilla, and bake in  
Washington pie tins, or in sheet to  
spread with jelly, and roll while warm.

FROSTING. Beat the white of one egg  
to a standing froth, with two-thirds wa-  
ter, and add sugar, salt to taste, and one  
teaspoonful of corn starch, with lemon or  
vanilla, or any preferred flavoring. Frost  
the cake while hot.

DISH OF SNOW. Beat the whites of  
three eggs to a froth; add two cupfuls  
of hot water to two tablespoonfuls of  
corn starch, make smooth with a little  
cold water. Press the juice of two lemons  
into this mixture, and cook ten  
minutes, then stir in the beaten whites  
of the eggs, add sugar and salt to taste,  
and cook in mold. Prepare a custard  
with one pint of milk, yolks of three  
eggs, one teaspoonful of corn starch,  
and vanilla flavoring. When cool, put  
the snow in a glass dish, and the custard  
around it.

GELATINE FROSTING. One teaspoon-  
ful of gelatine dissolved in a little cold  
water, then add two tablespoonfuls of  
hot water, stirring clear, and one cupful  
of powdered sugar, and beat while warm  
until becomes white and light. ALICE.

Young Folks Column.

THE RESCUE OF A QUILT.

It was a terrible disaster, the news-  
papers said. A levee had broken, and the  
inflowing river had destroyed thousands  
of dollars' worth of property and  
endangered the lives of hundreds of fam-  
ilies. But to Teddy O'Flanagan, wading  
up to his knees in water, this state of af-  
fairs was a heaven upon earth.

Teddy had never heard of Venice;  
but no Venetian holiday would have  
seemed to him more delightful than that  
Sunday afternoon "White Chapel"  
District, with the thousands of visitors  
on the levees, the boats rowing over the  
familiar streets, the moving families,  
the general excitement and the wealth of  
water. The ducks agreed with Ted.

Not so Teddy's grandmother. "Granny,"  
he held out bravely. She had  
Cooked the dinner standing on a chair,  
Cooked the dinner standing on a chair,  
Cooked the dinner standing on a chair,  
Cooked the dinner standing on a chair.

"Child of God, you have sought long (right)  
That would make life so happy and bright,  
Take it a joy from beginning to end,  
Take it a joy from beginning to end,  
Take it a joy from beginning to end,  
Take it a joy from beginning to end.

"Forget yourself," the brook seemed to say,  
"Forget yourself," the brook seemed to say,  
"Forget yourself," the brook seemed to say,  
"Forget yourself," the brook seemed to say,  
"Forget yourself," the brook seemed to say,  
"Forget yourself," the brook seemed to say.

The flowers with all their witching grace,  
As they looked me squarely in the face,  
That I might see the life of the world,  
That I might see the life of the world,  
That I might see the life of the world,  
That I might see the life of the world.

So not in vain had I searched all strife,  
And found the key to a happy life,  
That giving up all our selfish ends,  
That giving up all our selfish ends,  
That giving up all our selfish ends,  
That giving up all our selfish ends.

By F. M. H.

The trees of the forest are dyed in  
gorgeous colors, and the autumn sun  
smiles upon the beautiful landscape,  
smiles upon the beautiful landscape,  
smiles upon the beautiful landscape,  
smiles upon the beautiful landscape.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

This may apply to all classes, both in  
cities and towns. Viewing this stagna-  
tion of business from a practical stand-  
point, it is not surprising that for a  
town already burdened with debt to keep  
raising money for various purposes, ad-  
ding to the taxes of the poor farmer.

These times will doubtless bring people  
to a realization sense that they never knew  
before. The farmer, who has been so long  
in the habit of being "country bred," and  
in our daily life leave a silent  
impression that elevates and tranquilizes  
the turbulent mind and helps the rustic  
to perform duties both arduous and un-  
pleasant. Here upon the good old farm  
one forgets this has been a fast living  
and a fast thinking age. Hard times re-  
mind us, all good things have an end,  
though it is felt less in the farming com-  
munities.

In the language of the poet,  
There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

There's got to be a revival  
Of good, sound sense among men.  
Before the days of prosperity  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity,  
Before the days of prosperity.

In as far as he could. Alas! The cradle  
was just beyond his grasp.  
"Ted," he called, "climb in on my  
back!" Ted obeyed. Now quick! Jump  
as far as you can—I'll hold your arm—  
and catch that cradle!"

Ted jumped and caught the baby's  
dress just as the cradle filled and went  
down. Jim backed out, pulling Ted and  
the baby through the window.

The three dropped in a heap on the  
raft. There was some splashing of the  
muddy water, but the raft held itself  
reasonably straight, and Jim heaved a  
long sigh.

"Now, Ted, if the baby will only sit  
still will all be well."

The baby had seen many a rough ex-  
perience in her short year of life, and  
took being rescued from a watery grave  
as an every day affair. Solemnly star-  
ing at the raft, she seemed to feel that  
the object of the expedition was con-  
cealed behind those shining surfaces.

"My! Ain't she good?" ejaculated  
Teddy, as they made good time getting  
back to land.

"Yes," answered Jim, "we're deep in  
nowhere it ain't quite so dippin'. It's  
over our heads, too, and if that baby—"

Suddenly the raft hit a snag, and the  
rubber boots rolled over. Quick as a  
flash the baby threw herself after them.  
Ted and Jim sprang for the baby and  
over went the raft.

On the levee stood Granny and the  
yellow dog. Yep, the dog, felt as Granny  
did, that the expedition ought not to  
have been undertaken without consulta-  
tion with the other members of the  
family.

When the raft slid its occupants into  
the water, Granny and Yep promptly  
waded into the river.

The water was above Granny's shoul-  
ders, but she waded back to land hold-  
ing Ted with one hand and the baby with  
the other. Jim, who could swim,  
rescued himself.

"Granny," he muttered in deep dis-  
tress, "I've spilt the 'Way to the  
Black Hills'!"

"There's no need of goin' there by  
water," interrupted Granny, as she  
marched past him to a heap of misery  
covered with a shawl.

"Lena," she said tenderly, "open your  
arms, mavourneen, for the dove has  
come back to ye over the waters."

And Lena, with one great cry, clasped  
her baby to her breast, while baby, im-  
pinged laughing through all its peril, now  
began to cry.

"Ach! mine little one!" cried the  
happy mother. Then seeing the drip-  
ping boys, all the gratitude of her over-  
clothing being lost, she turned to a  
torrent of broken English that over-  
whelmed the young navigators.

"Oh, granny," cried Teddy, glad to  
change the subject, "look at Yep! He's  
getting drowned!"

Yep, not being able to distinguish him-  
self by rescuing Ted or the baby, was  
nearly pulling up to land the rubber  
boots.

When granny untied the tops and  
brought forth the beloved quilt, her face  
shone with joy.

"Teddy, me b'y," she exclaimed, "the  
first time that ye marry ye shall have  
the quilt for your bride, and I'll make  
another for Jim, and Yep shall have a  
third, and I'll give I see the quilt in  
the kitchen again—long as the blessed old  
torment shall live!"

And when the little house dried out—  
as it did in a few weeks—Granny, who  
is making another "Way to the Black  
Hills," always has Yep in his bed in the  
corner of the kitchen.

CHASED BY A BLOODHOUND.

It was in the winter of 1884 that I was  
on a lecturing tour through Burlington  
county, New Jersey. I had been filling  
engagements in towns along the rail-  
road between Camden and Mt. Holly, and  
on the occasion of which I am writing, I  
was billed for the town of Rancocas.

I was also at the same time corresponding  
for a Philadelphia weekly journal.

My days being practically unoccupied,  
I traveled much on foot, from place to  
place, and often took a short cut through  
private roads across the plantations, and  
not infrequently I was greatly startled  
by a huge bloodhound leaping out to-  
ward me at an unexpected moment, and  
barking furiously. There were many of  
these fierce brutes kept by the poor  
farmers thereabout, but they were al-  
ways securely fastened, so I became ac-  
customed to their barking, and took lit-  
tle notice of them.

On my way from a little station to  
Rancocas one afternoon I had met with  
one of these animals that barked even  
more savagely than I had ever before  
heard one. The owner of the animal  
came out, however, and silenced him  
with a vigorous kick, and assured me  
that he was securely chained.

That evening I fulfilled my lecture en-  
gagement before a full house in Rancocas,  
and wishing to get a good night's sleep,  
I traveled much on foot, from place to  
place, and often took a short cut through  
private roads across the plantations, and  
not infrequently I was greatly startled  
by a huge bloodhound leaping out to-  
ward me at an unexpected moment, and  
barking furiously. There were many of  
these fierce brutes kept by the poor  
farmers thereabout, but they were al-  
ways securely fastened, so I became ac-  
customed to their barking, and took lit-  
tle notice of them.

On my way from a little station to  
Rancocas one afternoon I had met with  
one of these animals that barked even  
more savagely than I had ever before  
heard one. The owner of the animal  
came out, however, and silenced him  
with a vigorous kick, and assured me  
that he was securely chained.

That evening I fulfilled my lecture en-  
gagement before a full house in Rancocas,  
and wishing to get a good night's sleep,  
I traveled much on foot, from place to  
place, and often took a short cut through  
private roads across the plantations, and  
not infrequently I was greatly startled  
by a huge bloodhound leaping out to-  
ward me at an unexpected moment, and  
barking furiously. There were many of  
these fierce brutes kept by the poor  
farmers thereabout, but they were al-  
ways securely fastened, so I became ac-  
customed to their barking, and took lit-  
tle notice of them.

On my way from a little station to  
Rancocas one afternoon I had met with  
one of these animals that barked even  
more savagely than I had ever before  
heard one. The owner of the animal  
came out, however, and silenced him  
with a vigorous kick, and assured me  
that he was securely chained.

That evening I fulfilled my lecture en-  
gagement before a full house in Rancocas,  
and wishing to get a good night's sleep,  
I traveled much on foot, from place to  
place, and often took a short cut through  
private roads across the plantations, and  
not infrequently I was greatly startled  
by a huge bloodhound leaping out to-  
ward me at an unexpected moment, and  
barking furiously. There were many of  
these fierce brutes kept by the poor  
farmers thereabout, but they were al-  
ways securely fastened, so I became ac-  
customed to their barking, and took lit-  
tle notice of them.

On my way from a little station to  
Rancocas one afternoon I had met with  
one of these animals that barked even  
more savagely than I had ever before  
heard one. The owner of the animal  
came out, however, and silenced him  
with a vigorous kick, and assured me  
that he was securely chained.

That evening I fulfilled my lecture en-  
gagement before a full house in Rancocas,  
and wishing to get a good night's sleep,  
I traveled much on foot, from place to  
place, and often took a short cut through  
private roads across the plantations, and  
not infrequently I was greatly startled  
by a huge bloodhound leaping out to-  
ward me at an unexpected moment, and  
barking furiously. There were many of  
these fierce brutes kept by the poor  
farmers thereabout, but they were al-  
ways securely fastened, so I became ac-  
customed to their barking, and took lit-  
tle notice of them.

On my way from a little station to  
Rancocas one afternoon I had met with  
one of these animals that barked even  
more savagely than I had ever before  
heard one. The owner of the animal  
came out, however, and silenced him  
with a vigorous kick, and assured me  
that he was securely chained.

That evening I fulfilled my lecture en-  
gagement before a full house in Rancocas,  
and wishing to get a good night's sleep,  
I traveled much on foot, from place to  
place, and often took a short cut through  
private roads across the plantations, and  
not infrequently I was greatly startled  
by a huge bloodhound leaping out to-  
ward me at an unexpected moment, and  
barking furiously. There were many of  
these fierce brutes kept by the poor  
farmers thereabout, but they were al-  
ways securely fastened, so I became ac-  
customed to their barking, and took lit-  
tle notice of them.

On my way from a little station to  
Rancocas one afternoon I had met with  
one of these animals that barked even  
more savagely than I had ever before  
heard one. The owner of the animal  
came out, however, and silenced him  
with a vigorous kick, and assured me  
that he was securely chained.

That evening I fulfilled my lecture en-  
gagement before a full house in Rancocas,  
and wishing to get a good night's sleep,  
I traveled much on foot, from place to  
place, and often took a short cut through  
private roads across the plantations, and  
not infrequently I was greatly startled  
by a huge bloodhound leaping out to-  
ward me at an unexpected moment, and  
barking furiously. There were many of  
these fierce brutes kept by the poor  
farmers thereabout, but they were al-  
ways securely fastened, so I became ac-  
customed to their barking, and took lit-  
tle notice of them.

On my way from a little station to  
Rancocas one afternoon I had met with  
one of these animals that barked even  
more savagely than I had ever before  
heard one. The owner of the animal  
came out, however, and silenced him  
with a vigorous kick, and assured me  
that he was securely chained.

That evening I fulfilled my lecture en-  
gagement before a full house in Rancocas,  
and wishing to get a good night's sleep,  
I traveled much on foot, from place to  
place, and often took a short cut through  
private roads across the plantations, and  
not infrequently I was greatly startled  
by a huge bloodhound leaping out to-  
ward me at an unexpected moment, and  
barking furiously. There were many of  
these fierce brutes kept by the poor  
farmers thereabout, but they were al-  
ways securely fastened, so I became ac-  
customed to their barking, and took lit-  
tle notice of them.

On my way from a little station to  
Rancocas one afternoon I had met with  
one of these animals that barked even  
more savagely than I had ever before  
heard one. The owner of the animal  
came out, however, and silenced him  
with a vigorous kick, and assured me  
that he was securely chained.

became known. But every moment was  
bringing the dog nearer to me.

What should I do? I must act, and  
act quickly, too. It occurred to me to  
climb a tree and remain above reach of  
the bloodhound until I could be rescued;  
but in the darkness I could see no tree  
whose limbs were low enough to allow  
me to reach them with absolute cer-  
tainty. To fall meant death, and to lose  
time in looking for a tree was equally  
dangerous.

I was becoming exhausted from want  
of breath, for I must have already run  
nearly a half a mile; and I was about to  
give up all hope, when a faint sound  
broke upon my ears that caused my  
heart to bound with hope.

It was the rattle of a chain that sound-  
ed faintly above the barking of the dog.  
Heaven, the dog in his escape had not  
lost track of the chain, and he was un-  
fettered. If only the chain would get  
entangled in the bushes! But the chances

# Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday,  
Badger & Manley,  
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1893.

## TERMS.

\$2.00 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.50 IF NOT PAID  
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF  
SUBSCRIPTION.

## TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-  
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-  
quent insertion.

## COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

Mr. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our sub-  
scribers in East Kennebec county.  
Mr. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our  
subscribers in Aroostook county.

Hillsdale Grange, Thorndike, has had a  
nice new organ put into its hall.

Mr. Frank B. Rogers, Dover, harvested  
240 bushels beauty of Helbron potatoes  
from 130 square rods of land. Some of  
them weighed over a pound each.

The managers of the World's Fair have  
voted to keep the gates open while there  
is a paying attendance, and not  
close them finally on the 31st inst.

The wife of our accomplished correspon-  
dent, J. S. Hutchins, South Bethel,  
gave birth to a boy on the 8th, weighing  
9½ pounds.

In the game of foot ball, Saturday, be-  
tween the Portland high school and Col-  
by, we are surprised to learn that only  
one player was quite badly hurt! The  
game must have been exceedingly tame  
and uninteresting.

A New York syndicate of coal dealers  
is preparing to import anthracite coal  
from Wales, claiming that it can be laid  
down in New York at \$2 a ton. The  
Welsh producers are willing to make a  
contract running six years, calling for  
the delivery of 500,000 tons, but the  
Americans ask for a ten years' contract.  
There is no duty on anthracite coal.

Benjamin Hubbard of Wells boasts of  
an orange seventy-five years old. It was  
found among the valuables of an uncle  
who died in the West Indies in 1818, and  
from the associations connected with it  
has been treasured by the family all  
these years. It shows no mark of decay,  
but a gradual shrinking, being now  
about the size of an egg.

Treasurer Eveleveth of the State Fair  
has been sending out the checks for the  
premiums won this year. The largest  
check was for \$263, and the winner A.  
J. Libby & Son of Oakland, the well  
known stock raisers. The treasurer re-  
ceived a check Monday from the Maine  
Central management for \$5064.50, for  
coupon admission tickets sold along the  
line of the road.

The Maine World's Fair Commissioners  
have just held a session in Bangor to  
close up matters. It was found that the  
total expenses are within the State's ap-  
propriation. Three propositions for the  
disposal of the building at the Fair are  
being considered; one to bring it to  
Orono for a library for the State college,  
another to present it to the National  
Commission, and the third to sell it out-  
right.

The grading on the line of the Bangor  
and Aroostook Railway, from Milo to  
Houlton, is completed except one deep  
cut, and all the men who can work at both  
ends and in the middle are hard at work  
on that. Johnson's large and expe-  
rienced crew are making the dirt fly  
this side of Houlton and soon others  
will be with them. Trains will run  
to Monticello before New Year's, and  
the Houlton people are eagerly listening  
for the sound of the first whistle.

The process of gilding the dome of the  
Congressional library building in Wash-  
ington, near the Capitol, has progressed  
far enough to indicate that when com-  
pleted this golden dome will be one of  
the most conspicuous objects in Wash-  
ington. There is a total surface of 10,000  
square feet to be gilded. More gold will  
be used on the dome than on any other  
in the world. The library building will  
not be completed for nearly four years.  
The rotunda is 140 feet in diameter—44  
feet greater than the rotunda of the Cap-  
itol. It will be finished in marble from  
floor to ceiling.

It is surprising to many to learn of the  
amount of "conscience money" paid  
annually into the United States treasury.  
Special clerks are employed for that de-  
partment. The \$2500 contribution sent  
to this fund, the other day, was the  
largest, save one, that has been received in  
seven years. Just about that time the  
halves of eight \$1000 bills came by mail  
from an anonymous note, saying that the  
other halves would be forwarded if ac-  
knowledgement of the first batch was made  
in the newspapers. This was done, and  
Uncle Sam was richer by \$8000. No ex-  
planation was offered, and the affair re-  
mains a mystery. On one occasion Post-  
master General Wanamaker got a letter  
with \$1000 in it and the written words:  
"This is the balance of interest I owe on  
a sum of money I stole from the Govern-  
ment in 1865. I have now paid principal  
and interest—in all \$17,500. No man  
has suffered for his crime more than I,  
and now I pray the Lord's forgiveness  
for my sin." The great majority of such  
contributions are small amounts. To  
"Conscience" \$2. Another person sends  
\$2 to the "Conscience Fund." One old  
soldier is a regular customer. He for-  
wards \$5 from time to time "on account  
of \$100 which I obtained by unfairness  
17 or 18 years ago, and which I hope to  
liquidate. I give my God the benefit of  
the doubt." A draft for \$107 on New  
York, received from St. Louis the other  
day and addressed to "Mr. B. Carlisle"  
was folded in a sheet of paper which bore  
simply the word "Delinquent." It was  
handed over to the "Conscience"  
account. A correspondent writes:  
"Please credit the enclosed 25 cents to  
C. F. and oblige." In a neat feminine  
hand is an anonymous missive which  
says, "A lady who recently swore to a  
statement which she now finds to be  
wrong sends to you \$27."

## THE VICTORIOUS VIGILANT.

The struggle is over, and the better  
boat has won. The race of Wednesday  
was declared off, on account of the time  
consumed. On Friday, over thirty miles  
of tossing sea, in a wind which nearly  
approached a gale, the great and victori-  
ous Vigilant beat the Valkyrie in the  
third race of the series for the possession  
of the America's cup, and that great blue  
ribbon of the sea still remains in the  
land of its naturalization. The fastest  
boat that England ever sent out to race  
for the cup suffered a defeat which all  
who have seen her race against the Vigilant  
supposed she would, but which  
nevertheless was, by her extraordinary  
fleetness, almost made a victory.

The Vigilant showed her powers at the  
start and at the finish. There were  
times in the course of the race when it  
appeared impossible for the American  
boat to win, but she did. All that there  
is of speed and power in the intricate  
designing of yachts are in the Vigilant.  
She stands in the glory of the rising sun  
to-day the fastest yacht afloat, and the  
incomparable defender of the America's  
Cup. The cup has been defended by  
fast boats before, but never has it been  
defended by one which showed those  
great powers of weatherly endurance and  
the unaccountable speed of the Vigilant.

The Vigilant won the race by only  
forty seconds. No grander race has  
ever sailed off Sandy Hook. Both yachts  
broke off their spinnakers after the turn,  
and ran for home in the young gale  
which prevailed. Vigilant began to gain  
almost immediately, and continued to do  
so, but very slowly, until 3.30 o'clock,  
when the tremendous strain told in Val-  
kyrie's spinnaker, and it was split.

Vigilant thereafter increased her gain  
very rapidly, and finally crossed the line  
40 seconds good over and above the  
time she allows Valkyrie.

The scene as the Vigilant crossed the  
line was one of enthusiasm and beauty.  
All the boats which had gathered near  
the finish threw their steam valves wide  
open and screeched in unison. The  
noise was almost deafening, but did not  
quite drown the cheering of the multi-  
tudes on their decks. The Vigilant and  
Valkyrie presented a beautiful picture  
as they neared the line, carrying as they  
went every stitch of canvas they could.

It was the kind of weather that Lord  
Dunraven had wished for, and the only  
kind of a day in which he still claimed  
that his yacht could sail with the Vigilant.  
He had been beaten in two races in  
light winds, and still more easily in  
what Americans call a stiff breeze. His  
only hope was in a gale which split his  
sails, while the staunch Vigilant came  
home through the foam under a big  
cloud of canvas, with the wind piping  
through her shrouds and ropes.

Those members of the U. S. Senate  
who are in favor of the repeal of the  
purchasing clause of the Sherman bill,  
led by Senator Voorhees, resorted to  
means of physical exhaustion, in order  
to force a vote, and were defeated. The  
silverites are rejoicing over the result.  
A compromise has been suggested, but  
President Cleveland will accept no com-  
promise, standing firm for unconditional  
repeal. No one can foretell the re-  
sult. Many Senators are planning to  
leave Washington unless they see a pros-  
pect of accomplishing something.

A gentleman from a Western town  
took his entire family—not a small one  
—to the World's Fair. They had been  
in but a little while, and seeing the sign  
"Exit," he said, "Come, Maria, let's go  
in there, as we want to see the whole of  
the show." They went in, or rather  
out, and were certainly out fifty cents  
apiece before they got in again.

Our correspondent "J. P. of Unity,"  
writes: Miss E. J. Perley, who reached  
Liverpool Sept. 12th, is now in London,  
and has been spending several weeks in  
the English Lake district, visiting the  
homes of Wordsworth, Shakespeare, and  
other English celebrities. She was de-  
lighted with her stay among the lakes  
and mountains—says the climate is most  
delightful and the scenery wonderful.

Massachusetts farms have not yielded  
abundant harvests, according to the re-  
port of the State Board of Agriculture  
for September. Corn, rowen and fall  
feed, onions, potatoes and apples are all  
reported as below the average, in some  
cases very far below. There is little  
promise of large root crops. Cranberries  
alone have made a fine showing.

It cost the county of Kennebec about  
\$800 for expert testimony in the Wake-  
field manslaughter case. The general  
verdict is that it was worth about two  
dollars and a half, and did not have the  
slightest weight with the jury.

We notice that in different parts of  
the State, speakers are lecturing on the  
World's Fair. We trust the audiences  
have not remained long enough for them  
to "tell it all."

Forest Goodwin, Esq., of Skowhegan,  
and Joseph Williamson, Jr., Esq., of  
Augusta, have been appointed assignees  
in the case of Isaac O. Winslow of St.  
Albans, insolvent.

Capitalists at Bridgeport, Conn., have  
decided to offer inducements to the Bath  
Iron Works to locate there, and have  
written Gen. Hyde, President of the  
company, to that effect.

A Saco cod dined off a barrel of meal  
the other night, eating more than two  
bushels, and lived through the experi-  
ence.

It is reported that Mrs. Blaine will  
either sell or rent both her Washington  
houses.

It takes 720 tons of cardboard a year  
to furnish this country with postal  
cards.

A visitor at the World's Fair inquired  
into what building the lagoon could be  
found!

Paris dealers color their green wares  
to make them appear ripe.

The Dead Sea loses every day by evap-  
oration several million tons of water.

The yachtsmen of the country still  
stand by the centre-board.

Bees never store honey in the light,  
because honey thus exposed granulates.

## DREADFUL STORM.

The storm of Saturday last seemed to  
sweep the country from one end to the  
other, and was terrible in its ravages.  
The severity of the gale which swept the  
Great Lakes, has not been exceeded dur-  
ing the season of navigation for the past  
ten years. The list of wrecks in propor-  
tion to the number of vessels which were  
out in the gale is larger than during any  
previous storm. The list of wrecks  
would fill quite a column in the Farmer.  
Only one man escaped from the steamer  
Dean Richmond, the propeller which was  
lost on Lake Erie.

He was found on the beach near Van  
Buren point Monday. His haggard face  
and sunken eyes told a story of terrible  
suffering. He was aimlessly wandering  
up and down the beach. When spoken to  
he burst into tears and said he was look-  
ing for his dog. He said he had been  
washed off the Richmond and was un-  
questionably the only man saved from the  
vessel. He said his name was C. H.  
Clarke. "There were 19 in the Rich-  
mond's crew," he said, "beside Capt.  
Stoddard, his wife and three children."  
Fifty-four lives were lost in the storm on  
the lakes. Property loss \$675,000.

The storm was very severe in Wash-  
ington. The walls of the new Calvary  
Baptist church were blown down. As-  
sociate Justice Brown of the Supreme  
Court had an artery in his head cut by a  
plate glass window which was blown in  
at his residence and he came very near  
bleeding to death before medical assist-  
ance could be obtained.

At New London, Conn., the wind at-  
tained a velocity of 63 miles an hour.  
Many vessels dragged their anchors and  
narrow escapes from injury were report-  
ed. The eastern schooner Cricket, load-  
ed with deals, from Eastport, Me.,  
draggd into the New London northern  
railroad wharf and lost part of her cargo.  
She was bound for New York.

Scores of houses were unroofed in  
Philadelphia. The Catholic church of  
the Nativity, being constructed on Bel-  
grade street and Allegheny avenue, was  
damaged \$20,000. While the gale was at  
its height, a stone wall on the east side  
of the edifice was blown inward and two  
huge blocks of stone crashed through the  
temporary roof and into the base-  
ment, smashing the pews and pulpit and  
reducing to splinters a costly new organ.  
The ship Ivy of Bath, Me., broke from  
her moorings and crashed into the stone  
pier at the old navy yard. She was  
badly damaged.

No particular damage was done in  
Maine. On the coast some of the vessels  
lost their sail, some dragged their an-  
chors, and others had narrow escapes.  
In fact we here in Maine got only the  
big end of these gales. They expend  
their force before reaching here.

## WAKEFIELD GUILTY.

On Friday evening the manslaughter  
trial which had been in progress in this  
city for ten days, came to a termination.  
After being out six hours, the jury  
brought in a verdict that Edgar C. Wake-  
field was guilty of the manslaughter of  
Blenn. When the verdict was announced  
Wakefield neither quailed nor showed  
emotion of any sort. His face had grown  
pale through Mr. Carleton's argument,  
and it did not lose that ashen hue all  
day. In unmovable silence he heard the  
verdict of the jury announced. Wake-  
field's counsel, A. M. Spear, filed excep-  
tions, which will be heard at the law term  
of court in May. If a new trial is not  
granted the convicted man will then re-  
ceive his sentence. Wakefield was re-  
leased on bail.

## Congratulations.

Mr. Chester W. Robbins, editor and  
proprietor of the Old Town Enterprise,  
brought home from the World's Fair a  
souvenir of the great Columbian Ex-  
position worth bragging about, for on the  
29th ult., at the Hotel Mecca, Chicago,  
he was married to Miss Ray Ledbetter,  
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Ledbet-  
ter, of Elizabethtown, Ill. Mr. Led-  
better is a well known real estate dealer  
and one of the oldest and most respected  
merchants in the county in which he  
lives. The bride is an amiable, ac-  
complished and talented lady. The hap-  
py couple have returned to their home  
in Old Town where they will reside.  
Mr. Robbins is a bright and active news-  
paper man, whose ability we have no  
doubt will bring him out into a more ex-  
tensive field than that he now occupies.  
We extend our hearty congratulations.

## Women's Clubs.

The Maine Federation of Women's  
Clubs held its first annual convention in  
Skowhegan last week. About thirty  
clubs were represented. Mrs. Etta H.  
Osgood of Portland presided. The  
Federation listened to papers on scien-  
tific subjects by Mrs. Lucy S. Noyes of  
Portland, and Mrs. Clara B. Leavitt of  
Skowhegan, and discussions. In the  
evening a public meeting was held in  
Bethany church, at which papers were  
read by Mrs. Helen B. C. Beedy of Farm-  
ington, Mrs. E. H. Hall of Waterville,  
Miss Bertha Soule of Bath, Mrs. Laura  
E. Richards of Gardiner, and Miss Caro-  
line D. Swan of Gardiner. A poem by  
Miss Julia H. May, and personal reminis-  
cences by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, were  
much enjoyed. Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt  
of Augusta read a paper on "Helps."

## Musical Festival at Waterville.

This Festival, held last week, proved  
a great success. Under the direction of  
Prof. Carl Zerrahn, the singers during the  
convention made rapid progress. The  
chorus assembled was an exceptionally  
fine one, comprising many of the  
very best singers in the State. The  
Festival closed with a grand concert at  
City Hall, in which Rossini's "Stabat  
Mater" was presented by a chorus of  
nearly 200 voices, assisted by the talented  
soloists. The concert was one of the  
greatest musical entertainments ever  
given in this city.

Hon. T. R. Simonton of Camden has  
finished his duties as special United  
States Treasury Agent, and will devote  
his time to managing the Camden Her-  
ald.

Gov. Cleaves has accepted an invita-  
tion to attend a banquet of the Lynn,  
Mass. Sons of Maine, next week.

## AUGUSTA RACES.

This has been a season when every-  
thing has conspired to insure good races  
whenever the gates have opened at the  
trotting park, in this city. By reason of  
its desirable location, and especially good  
management, the meetings have all been  
liberally patronized, and the horsemen  
everywhere have been enthusiastic over  
the track and the liberal treatment here.  
At the same time, many questioned the  
advisability of offering \$1,000, or more,  
for races the last half of October, but  
the officers took the responsibility, and  
this week has witnessed the best races,  
the most hotly contested finishes, and  
the greatest excitement known in the  
history of the track.

Tuesday the attendance was not large,  
but representative, and all returned  
home well satisfied. The voice of  
Maine's popular starter, Isaiah Pompi-  
ly, gave assurance of square, honest rul-  
ings, and no one complained.

## The 2.22 Class.

Was the first one called, and Fred  
Wilkes, Hallie and Bird responded.  
After one attempt they got the word,  
when Bird started to take the lead but  
broke and Hallie went to the front. At  
the half in 1.10½ Bird is in the lead and  
Wilkes beside her, Hallie in a pocket  
behind, having broken twice. They go  
around the turn to the three-quarters in  
1.52, the game little black mare still  
leading, though Fred Wilkes is pushing  
her hard. As they swing around and  
come into the stretch Nelson can be seen  
urging his gelding. Hallie makes an  
effort to lead, but in vain, and they go  
under the wire in 2.25, Bird leading,  
Fred Wilkes a very close second and  
Hallie third. The heat is given to Fred  
Wilkes for having trotted a clean mile,  
while the others broke.

## Second Heat.

One false start and then off they go,  
Fred Wilkes to the front, but a break  
sends Bird out, with Hallie a close  
second. Wilkes came, but broke and  
fell back; came again with a rush, but  
not enough to take the lead. Under the  
wire at the half they are in 1.13½, Hallie  
and Bird neck and neck. Bird got  
slightly to the front and it looked as  
though Hallie was quitting when the  
three-quarters was made in 1.48. All  
break but get their stride quickly and  
pass the wire in 2.26, Hallie first, Bird  
second and Wilkes third.

## Third Heat.

This was a rattler and was in 2.23½  
by Hallie. It was a sharp contest between  
the chestnut and black mares all the  
way, but a couple of breaks cost Bird too  
much to enable her to win while Wilkes  
was also a little unsteady. It was a big  
fight and close finish.

## Fourth Heat.

This proved one of the hardest fights  
of the day. Hallie led to the quarter,  
in 35½. At the half the mare still led,  
with Bird second, Fred Wilkes in the  
rear. At the three-quarter pole they  
were neck and neck, in 1.57½. Then  
Fred Wilkes went to the front and  
broke. Bird came down under the whip  
and took her first heat in 2.25½, Hallie  
a good second, while Fred Wilkes  
brought up in the rear. This pleased  
the crowd with whom Bird was a favor-  
ite.

## Fifth Heat.

The fifth heat was trotted just as  
darkness was closing in, and it was a hot  
one. Fred Wilkes took the lead with  
Bird lapping him and Hallie in a corre-  
sponding position with the little black  
mare. Somewhat closer together, but in  
the same order, they went by the quar-  
ter pole in 35½, and to the half in 1.12½.  
The same order was observed through  
the three-quarters, which were made in  
1.47½. Then Bird came up with Hallie  
outside, but the latter broke and Fred  
Wilkes got in second, and he and Fred  
came down under the wire so close to-  
gether that it seemed impossible to say  
which won. After a long and thorough  
consideration the judges awarded the  
beat to Bird, with Fred Wilkes second  
and Hallie third. Following is the sum-  
mary:

2.22 CLASS—TROT—PURSE \$200 (unfinished).			
Quarter.	Half.	Three- quarters.	Mile.
34½	1.10½	1.52	2.25
35½	1.13½	1.48	2.26
36½	1.11½	1.47	2.25½
37½	1.12½	1.57½	2.25½
38½	1.13½	1.47½	2.24½

## 2.40 Class.

Six horses came for the word in this  
class, Trafalgar, Pilot Morrill, Watch-  
maker, Jr., Actor, Rock Island and Echo.  
Four attempts at a start were made, and  
then they went off on the fifth trial,  
Watchmaker, Jr., the pole horse, taking  
the lead. A succession of breaks fol-  
lowed, but Actor came to the front, with  
Trafalgar second, and Rock Island third,  
the three making a good fight to the fin-  
ish, in 2.30½.

## Second Heat.

Pilot Morrill took the lead, while  
Actor was dancing attendance behind,  
Rock Island second, Pilot Morrill third.  
The half was made in 1.17½. From  
here, Actor levelled for his work and  
made a fight with Pilot Morrill, finishing  
a good second, Trafalgar third. Time,  
2.37½.

## Third Heat.

This heat pleased the crowd, as Actor  
was evidently the favorite, driven as he  
was by his owner, E. S. Forrest, River-  
side. At the half, in 1.18½, he made a  
bad break, letting Pilot Morrill and Traf-  
algar get the advantage, but recovered,  
and by a great burst of speed, shot  
ahead, taking the heat in 2.36½.

## Fourth Heat.

Like the others this was a fight be-  
tween Actor, Pilot Morrill and Trafal-  
gar, but each was a little unsteady.  
Trafalgar, guided this time by Fred Til-  
ton, got the front, but pressed by the  
favorite broke, and Actor took the heat  
and race time, 2.36½. Actor is a splen-  
did horse. Summary:

2.40 CLASS—TROT—PURSE \$100.			
Quarter.	Half.	Three- quarters.	Mile.
34½	1.10½	1.52	2.25
35½	1.13½	1.48	2.26
36½	1.11½	1.47	2.25½
37½	1.12½	1.57½	2.25½
38½	1.13½	1.47½	2.24½

TIME.			
Quarter.	Half.	Three- quarters.	One Mile.
34½	1.10½	1.52	2.25
35½	1.13½	1.48	2.26
36½	1.11½	1.47	2.25½
37½	1.12½	1.57½	2.25½
38½	1.13½	1.47½	2.24½

Only one heat of the 2.31 class was  
trotted, but that landed Tom Drew in the  
2.30 list as he got a record in 2.27½.  
Taken altogether it has been the most  
exciting day's races ever witnessed here  
the great majority. The judges were  
Isaiah Pompi, J. E. Alexander, W. D.  
Haley, clerk, C. W. Richards; Marshal,  
K. H. Hanks.

## SECOND DAY.

Another pleasant day, yesterday, with  
a large and encouraging attendance.  
The first thing on the programme was  
the completion of the 2.22 class.

## Sixth Heat.

The horses got the word on the fifth  
score. Fred Wilkes broke on the turn,  
also Hallie, making another break on  
back side; caught and crept close up to  
Bird. She made another break on the  
stretch. The horses were well bunched  
at the three-quarters pole, and it was  
the same down the home stretch. They  
finished Bird first, Hallie second; Wilkes  
third.

Hallie was set back for breaking, and  
second position was given to Fred  
Wilkes.

Time—quarter .35, half 1.12, three-  
quarters 1.47, mile 2.24½.

Bird first money, Hallie second, and  
Fred Wilkes third.

After this race, the superb stallion  
Nelson was shown in a 110 pound ball  
bearing top buggy, the very lightest man-  
ufactured. He gave an exhibition quar-  
ter in 33 seconds. Nelson had his shoes  
off for a week, up to Tuesday, on account  
of his injury.

2.31 CLASS—TROT—PURSE \$200.			
Quarter.	Half.	Three- quarters.	Mile.
34½	1.10½	1.52	2.25
35½	1.13½	1.48	2.26
36½	1.11½	1.47	2.25½
37½	1.12½	1.57½	2.25½
38½	1.13½	1.47½	2.24½

2.37 CLASS—TROT—PURSE \$200.			
Quarter.	Half.	Three- quarters.	Mile.
34½	1.10½	1.52	2.25
35½	1.13½	1.48	2.26
36½	1.11½	1.47	2.25½
37½	1.12½	1.57½	2.25½
38½	1.13½	1.47½	2.24½

FREE-FOR-ALL—TROT—PURSE \$300.			
Quarter.	Half.	Three- quarters.	Mile.
34½	1.10½	1.52	2.25
35½	1.13½	1.48	2.26
36½	1.11½	1.47	2.25½
37½	1.12½	1.57½	2.25½
38½	1.13½	1.47½	2.24½

Every one seemed satisfied with the  
result, and all got their money's worth  
of sport.

## MORTGAGE INDEBTEDNESS.

The Census Bureau has thus far pub-  
lished returns from twenty-two States  
relative to the mortgage indebtedness  
upon farms and homes, but as these  
States represent all sections of the  
country, the information which is given  
is of great interest and importance.  
Debts contracted in the ordinary round  
of commercial transactions are so con-  
stantly varying that they give no real





MAINE'S 2.30 LIST FOR 1893.

buy horses that all the world is eager to buy at good prices. Army officers look through our horse breeding states in vain for good horses and find but few. It is useless to say the trotter is the best for city use; the markets demand larger, finer horses and pay liberal prices for them.

To estimate the height a colt will grow: Take a colt at any time between six weeks and one year, put him on a level surface so that he stands naturally, then measure the distance from the hair of the hoof to his knee joint, and for every inch, or fraction thereof, he will

in the past few years that no valid excuse can be offered for not patronizing good blood on this score. There never was a time when the service fees for the poorest and best stallions have been so near on a par as they are at present. On the other hand, prices for all kinds of horses are low. Even well bred stock brings but a small price. Mongrels and common horses bring less. The best horses pay for their raising under the low prices now prevailing. Other kinds hardly pay for the care it requires to look after them. The present condition of the horse market ought to have a wholesome effect in improving the horses

The first investment made by the

A fair and persistent trial of this medicine never fails, when the directions are followed.

Sample for 25 cts. Five #1. Large #1-4 10. can \$1.50. Box, case \$5. Exp' paid. Sample "BEST POULTRY PAPER" from Farm-Poultry one year (price 25c.) and large can \$1.50. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. G. T. STEVENS, Judge.  
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 45

Thomas Wiseman of Sheepscot Bridge, who is eighty-seven years of age, walked from his house to the store last week, and stepping upon the scales, bore them down at 204½ lbs. He stands over six feet high, and is as straight as an arrow. His wife is a year younger. They are both in very good health.

---

The great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh is vouched for by thousands of people whom it has cured.

---

The action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stimulate the liver, and regulate the bowels, but do not purge. They are sure to please. Try them.

A tall and persistent trial of this medicine never fails, when the directions are followed.

Sample for 25 cts. Five #1. Large #1-4 10. can \$1.50. Box, case \$5. Exp' paid. Sample "BEST POULTRY PAPER" from Farm-Poultry one year (price 25c.) and large can \$1.50. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

OSCAR SHIRLEY,  
Houlton, Maine.

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 48

Farm management is a matter of far more concern than the crop in hand. All who do not take a wider view than that will shortly regret it. When planning for the year's crop, consider what its effects will be on the land, keeping its fertility constantly in view.

Thomas Wiseman of Sheepscot Bridge, who is eighty-seven years of age, walked from his house to the store last week, and stepping upon the scales, bore them down at 204½ lbs. He stands over six feet high, and is as straight as an arrow. His wife is a year younger. They are both in very good health.

The great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla, as a remedy for catarrh is vouched for by thousands of people whom it has cured.

The action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stimulate the liver, and regulate the bowels, but do not purge. They are sure to please. Try them.

cause, but as it is there is none. No in-  
 dustry to-day offers so large a per cent.  
 of profit, or so sure a return as this, and  
 yet men hesitate about entering and oc-  
 cupying the field, or complain that there  
 is nothing they can do which will pay.  
 They stand idle at the street corners,  
 hoping to get a living without using  
 either hands or brains. Here is an in-  
 dustry almost limitless in its extent, with  
 the demand increasing more rapidly than  
 the supply, with prices better than ever  
 before, and the outlook especially favor-  
 able. There is every reason why this  
 incoming of so many eggs, and outgo of  
 so much treasure, should be stopped,  
 and the only way to do it is by the farm-  
 ers of Maine increasing their flocks of  
 laying hens.

---

If you wish to secure a certain and  
 speedy result, when using Ayer's Sarsa-  
 parilla, be careful in observing the rules  
 of health, or the benefit may be retarded.  
 A fair and persistent trial of this medi-  
 cine never fails, when the directions are  
 followed.



**POWDER**

**Condition**

**POWDER**

**KEEPS YOUR CHICKENS**  
Strong and Healthy; Prevents all Disease.

**Good for Moulting Hens.**

It is absolutely pure, highly concentrated. In like manner it costs tens of a cent a day. No other kind is to be gotten.

**NOTHING ON EARTH**  
WILL  
**MAKE HENS LAY**  
LIKE  
**SHERIDAN'S**  
**CONDITION POWDER**

**If you can't get it sent to you. Ask First.**

Sample for 25 cts. Free. Large 14 lb. tin \$1.00. 5 lb. tin 50 cts. 1 lb. tin 10 cts. 1/2 lb. tin 5 cts. 1/4 lb. tin 2 cts. 1/8 lb. tin 1 ct. 1/16 lb. tin 1/2 ct. 1/32 lb. tin 1/4 ct. 1/64 lb. tin 1/8 ct. 1/128 lb. tin 1/16 ct. 1/256 lb. tin 1/32 ct. 1/512 lb. tin 1/64 ct. 1/1024 lb. tin 1/128 ct. 1/2048 lb. tin 1/256 ct. 1/4096 lb. tin 1/512 ct. 1/8192 lb. tin 1/1024 ct. 1/16384 lb. tin 1/2048 ct. 1/32768 lb. tin 1/4096 ct. 1/65536 lb. tin 1/8192 ct. 1/131072 lb. tin 1/16384 ct. 1/262144 lb. tin 1/32768 ct. 1/524288 lb. tin 1/65536 ct. 1/1048576 lb. tin 1/131072 ct. 1/2097152 lb. tin 1/262144 ct. 1/4194304 lb. tin 1/524288 ct. 1/8388608 lb. tin 1/1048576 ct. 1/16777216 lb. tin 1/2097152 ct. 1/33554432 lb. tin 1/4194304 ct. 1/67108864 lb. tin 1/8388608 ct. 1/134217728 lb. tin 1/16777216 ct. 1/268435456 lb. tin 1/33554432 ct. 1/536870912 lb. tin 1/67108864 ct. 1/1073741824 lb. tin 1/134217728 ct. 1/2147483648 lb. tin 1/268435456 ct. 1/4294967296 lb. tin 1/536870912 ct. 1/8589934592 lb. tin 1/1073741824 ct. 1/17179869184 lb. tin 1/2147483648 ct. 1/34359738368 lb. tin 1/4294967296 ct. 1/68719476736 lb. tin 1/8589934592 ct. 1/137438953472 lb. tin 1/17179869184 ct. 1/274877906944 lb. tin 1/34359738368 ct. 1/549755813888 lb. tin 1/68719476736 ct. 1/1099511627776 lb. tin 1/137438953472 ct. 1/2199023255552 lb. tin 1/274877906944 ct. 1/4398046511104 lb. tin 1/549755813888 ct. 1/8796093022208 lb. tin 1/1099511627776 ct. 1/17592186044416 lb. tin 1/2199023255552 ct. 1/35184372088832 lb. tin 1/4398046511104 ct. 1/70368744177664 lb. tin 1/8796093022208 ct. 1/140737488355328 lb. tin 1/17592186044416 ct. 1/281474976710656 lb. tin 1/35184372088832 ct. 1/562949953421312 lb. tin 1/70368744177664 ct. 1/1125899906842624 lb. tin 1/140737488355328 ct. 1/2251799813685248 lb. tin 1/281474976710656 ct. 1/4503599627370496 lb. tin 1/562949953421312 ct. 1/9007199254740992 lb. tin 1/1125899906842624 ct. 1/18014398509481984 lb. tin 1/2251799813685248 ct. 1/36028797018963968 lb. tin 1/4503599627370496 ct. 1/72057594037927936 lb. tin 1/9007199254740992 ct. 1/144115188075855872 lb. tin 1/18014398509481984 ct. 1/288230376151711744 lb. tin 1/36028797018963968 ct. 1/576460752303423488 lb. tin 1/72057594037927936 ct. 1/1152921504606846976 lb. tin 1/144115188075855872 ct. 1/2305843009213693952 lb. tin 1/288230376151711744 ct. 1/4611686018427387904 lb. tin 1/576460752303423488 ct. 1/9223372036854775808 lb. tin 1/1152921504606846976 ct. 1/18446744073709551616 lb. tin 1/2305843009213693952 ct. 1/36893488147419103232 lb. tin 1/4611686018427387904 ct. 1/73786976294838206464 lb. tin 1/9223372036854775808 ct. 1/147573952589676412928 lb. tin 1/18446744073709551616 ct. 1/295147905179352825856 lb. tin 1/36893488147419103232 ct. 1/590295810358705651712 lb. tin 1/73786976294838206464 ct. 1/1180591620717411303424 lb. tin 1/147573952589676412928 ct. 1/2361183241434822606848 lb. tin 1/295147905179352825856 ct. 1/4722366482869645213696 lb. tin 1/590295810358705651712 ct. 1/9444732965739290427392 lb. tin 1/1180591620717411303424 ct. 1/18889465931478580854784 lb. tin 1/2361183241434822606848 ct. 1/37778931862957161709568 lb. tin 1/4722366482869645213696 ct. 1/75557863725914323419136 lb. tin 1/9444732965739290427392 ct. 1/151115727451828646838272 lb. tin 1/18889465931478580854784 ct. 1/302231454903657293676544 lb. tin 1/37778931862957161709568 ct. 1/604462909807314587353088 lb. tin 1/75557863725914323419136 ct. 1/1208925819614629174706176 lb. tin 1/151115727451828646838272 ct. 1/2417851639229258349412352 lb. tin 1/302231454903657293676544 ct. 1/4835703278458516698824704 lb. tin 1/604462909807314587353088 ct. 1/9671406556917033397649408 lb. tin 1/1208925819614629174706176 ct. 1/19342813113834066795298816 lb. tin 1/2417851639229258349412352 ct. 1/38685626227668133590597632 lb. tin 1/4835703278458516698824704 ct. 1/77371252455336267181195264 lb. tin 1/9671406556917033397649408 ct. 1/154742504910672534362390528 lb. tin 1/19342813113834066795298816 ct. 1/309485009821345068724781056 lb. tin 1/38685626227668133590597632 ct. 1/618970019642690137449562112 lb. tin 1/77371252455336267181195264 ct. 1/1237940039285380274899124224 lb. tin 1/154742504910672534362390528 ct. 1/2475880078570760549798248448 lb. tin 1/309485009821345068724781056 ct. 1/4951760157141521099596496896 lb. tin 1/618970019642690137449562112 ct. 1/9903520314283042199192993792 lb. tin 1/1237940039285380274899124224 ct. 1/19807040628566084398385987584 lb. tin 1/2475880078570760549798248448 ct. 1/39614081257132168796771975168 lb. tin 1/4951760157141521099596496896 ct. 1/79228162

S. M. CROSLY, Guardian of ELIZA V. CROSLY of Rockford, in said county insane, having presented his first and final account of Guardianship of said Ward for allowance: Whereas J. H. STEVENS, Administrator on estate of S. M. CROSLY, deceased; Therefore I, Clerk of said Court, do hereby give three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of Nov. next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court session to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register.  
J. H. STEVENS, Judge.  
189

**FRAZER & CO'S**

Best in the World!  
Get the Genuine!  
Sold Everywhere!

**GOTSWOLD BUCKS.**

I have a lot of large square Buck Lamin  
and Large Square Buck Lamin for sale. All  
of them will be received by you. Also  
I will sell my imported English Buck Commo-  
dore for \$750 and send you. Write for prices  
or call and see my stock.

**OSCAR SHIRLEY**  
Houston, Maine.

**KENNEBEC COUNTY . . . In Probate Court**  
held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday  
of September, 1887.  
JAMES K. STUART, purporting to be  
the last will and testament of SENEZO S.  
WEBSTER, deceased, having been presented for Probate.  
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given  
to all persons interested in the said  
estate of October next, in the Maine  
Advertiser, a newspaper printed in Augusta,  
and to all persons claiming to be entitled  
to the same, by the attorney at law for the Probate  
Court, then to be held at Augusta, and show  
cause, if any, why the same should not  
be proved, approved and allowed, as the  
last will and testament of the said  
deceased.  
G. T. STEVENS, Judge.  
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 48

# AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Has no equal for the prompt relief and speedy cure of Colds, Coughs, Croup, Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, Preacher's Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis, La Grippe, and other derangements of the throat and lungs. The best-known cough-cure in the world, it is recommended by eminent physicians, and is the favorite preparation with singers, actors, preachers, and teachers. It soothes the inflamed membrane, loosens the phlegm, stops coughing, and induces repose.

# AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

taken for consumption, in its early stages, checks further progress of the disease, and even in the late stages, it eases the distressing cough and promotes refreshing sleep. It is agreeable to the taste, needs but small doses, and does not interfere with digestion or any of the regular organic functions. As an emergency medicine, every household should be provided with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"Having used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for many years, I can confidently recommend it for all the complaints it is claimed to cure. Its sale is increasing yearly with me, and my customers think this preparation has no equal as a cough-cure."  
—S. W. Parent, Queensbury, N. B.

# AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢ per bottle. Prompt to act, sure to cure.

# CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure...

# CURE SICK HEADACHE

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure...

# ACHE

ACHE is the name of so many ills that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but in their gentle action, please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents. Five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Bristol, Conn.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Choice Fall Bulbs, Dutch Hyacinths, Tulips, Freesias, Roman Hyacinth, Chinese Water Lilies, etc.

CHAS. K. PARTRIDGE, DRUGGIST, Opposite Post Office, Augusta.

BUY THE BEST. The Improved Model Incubator. Hundreds of Testimonials from all parts of the world as to the superiority of this incubator over all other makes. Large stock on hand. Address A. F. Williams, Bristol, Conn.

Items of General News.

A killing frost has injured the cotton crop in Memphis, Tenn.

General Lucius Fairchild of Wisconsin was elected commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic at the annual meeting at Chicago.

Wine and tobacco are to pay for the increase of the German army provided for by the enactment of the so-called Army bill last spring.

Commander-in-Chief Adams of the Grand Army of the Republic, who is an engine crew, and fatal injuries to the three men who occupied the baggage and express cars. The scene was shrouded in fog and the danger signal could not be seen. Those who were killed or injured were on a fast train which ran into a lot of freight cars.

Several business houses at Detroit, Mich., including Boydell Bros., paint factory, the Detroit Paper Box factory, the Detroit Fly Paper Co.'s concern, John P. Henzies Company's elbow and tinware manufactory, were destroyed by fire Sunday morning. Loss \$300,000.

A special from Bath, N. Y., says: "Ingham University, one of the oldest and most famous female colleges in the country, having been founded by the Ingham sisters at Leroy, Livingston county, in 1835, is advertised at sheriff's sale to satisfy a \$40,000 mortgage, which has been foreclosed."

An accident to the Pennsylvania limited at Wellsboro, O., Tuesday morning at 6.15 o'clock, resulted in the death of the engine crew, and fatal injuries to the three men who occupied the baggage and express cars. The scene was shrouded in fog and the danger signal could not be seen. Those who were killed or injured were on a fast train which ran into a lot of freight cars.

## THE MAINE FARMER: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper. October 19, 1893.

Haven W. Winn of Springfield, Mass., killed his two-year-old son, Sunday morning, by cutting his throat with a razor, and then committed suicide in the same way. His wife obtained a decree of separate maintenance from the court Wednesday, and had been given the custody of their only child. She then went to live with her father. Since then she has possessed the child at her own cost. Sunday he went to see the son, and while his wife was at church committed the fearful deed.

At Lowell, Mass., Frank Cook, aged 15 years, was shot and almost instantly killed by a companion, James Smith, aged 16, Saturday afternoon. The affair took place near the riding park. The boys with a party of six were passing through the field, Smith and another had having guns. In attempting to get over the fence, Smith's gun was discharged, and shot passing through a board fence into Cook's breast and face. The latter ran a short distance and then fell to the ground dead.

A through Baltimore & Ohio express from Chicago was badly wrecked at midnight, Friday night, at Miller's Hill, about 70 miles east of Cumberland, Md. The train was about six hours late, and was running at a high rate of speed. The rain had loosened the earth of the mountain where the wreck occurred, and the result was a heavy landslide. The train struck the slide and the engine and six cars were overturned. The track was torn up for 200 yards or more. The engineer and fireman were badly injured.

Two excursion trains on the Michigan Central Railroad collided at Jackson, Mich., Friday morning. It was another of those terrible rear-end collisions, and the cars were loaded with World's Fair people. The air brakes would not work, and the result was a serious accident. Five persons were killed outright and five fatally injured. A lady from the east, whose name could not be learned, jumped from a window as the crash came and ran away from the wreck, and has not been seen since. Among the horrible sights was that of a woman carrying a head by the hair around through the crowd and moaning and weeping with all the appearance of a raving maniac. She was taken care of by the police.

Field Marshal McMahon, Duke of Magenta, and Ex-President of the Republic, died in Paris, Tuesday. He was the "Grand Old Man of France." He entered the army when a youth, and much of his long life was spent in fighting for his country. He served in the wars of 1848, 1859, 1870, and 1871. He was distinguished in the Crimea, and in Italy during the Third Napoleon's Austrian war. It was there he was made Grand Marshal. In the war of 1870 McMahon was defeated, but only because of the fault of the government. His bravery and skill were never questioned. He put down the Commune in Paris and established Thiers in the Presidency, succeeded him in 1873, since when he has lived in retirement. His age was 82.

A suspender buckle saved the life of Murdoch Dingwall of Westville, Conn., Friday night. He arose from bed to get a drink of water, and saw from his window three thieves engaged in a unique work. They had secured a window barrow, and were carrying away the big bell of the Methodist church. Dingwall rushed out upon the thieves, knocked one over and grasped another by the throat. The third drew a revolver and fired. The bullet struck Dingwall's side near his heart, and he released his captive, thinking he was mortally wounded. The thieves fled, and before Dingwall discovered that he was uninjured they had disappeared. He lay for a while, but his suspender buckle had deflected the course of the bullet which rolled out of the clothing as he searched for it.

Emma Goldman, the loud-mouthed anarchist, convicted of inciting the people to riot, was sentenced in New York, on Monday, to one year in the penitentiary. The court room was crowded and there were a number of policemen on hand to prevent any possible outbreak of the prisoner's friends. When asked by the court if she desired to speak she said: "You know that I have made preparations have been made by the police to imprison my friends in case I make an address, I refrain from saying any word as to why sentence should be rendered against me. In rendering the sentence, Judge Martin said: 'You are a woman above the ordinary intelligence, yet you have testified that you have no respect for our laws. Hence there is no room for you in this community.'"

The New York Herald's Montevideo special says that further details have been received of the bombardment of Rio by the insurgent fleet. There was great excitement in the city as the fire was directed against the Custom House. The government forces suffered heavy losses, but the government is suppressing all reports of the casualties. The bombardment was very destructive. Many buildings were badly damaged, and residents fled to the city hills. Several shells struck in the heart of the city, killing many inhabitants. The buildings occupied by the Rio News and the American Bible Society were wrecked. Many foreigners were killed and wounded. The insurgent fleet also bombarded Santa Rosa, eroy Domingos, Icarahy and Santa Rosa, suburbs of Rio. The fire on all of them was destructive to property. It is known that there was great loss of life, but the facts are suppressed by the government officials. Business is paralyzed, and the streets of the capital deserted.

Early Thursday morning fire broke out in the Union Planning mill at Fifth and Water streets, Sioux City, Iowa, almost in the centre of the business district. Five minutes later a great building was building a term to atoms by a terrific explosion, and in a few seconds the scattered embers had ignited a dozen buildings in the vicinity. The flames spread rapidly and the firemen were unable to stay their progress. It reached the Maryland penitentiary building, fronting on Madison street. The flames found their way down the ventilating shafts of the south wing of the jail, a big stone structure. In the jail hundreds of prisoners were confined, while across a yard the Maryland penitentiary had looked in its cells some 600 convicted persons. Instantly there was an uproar among the prisoners in the jail. Smoke was filling the corridors, and the guards, satisfied that the flames would soon be extinguished, examined the locks to see that no prisoner could escape and then went out into the air. Fear turned into mad as the smoke thickened, and the confined men shrieked, cursed and prayed as the thin tongues of flame crept along the sills into the windows of their cells. They beat their heads and tore their clothes in an agony of terror. One man was later carried out with a fractured skull. The guards attempted to return to the upper tiers of the south wing and liberate their charges, but were driven back by the impenetrable smoke. The firemen, urged on by the shrieks of the tortured as well as by the cheers of the multitude below, staggered through the corridors, smashing lock after lock and releasing the occupants of the cells. Many of the prisoners were found unconscious; others in their mad haste to escape jumped from the upper tiers to the floor below. Charles Dunn, colored, was fatally injured in this way. It was more than two hours after the jail took fire before the last unconscious victim was carried out. The patrol wagons and ambulances conveyed 30 of the more seriously injured to the nearby hospitals. The other prisoners were removed to the penitentiary. Seventy-eight women were in another part of the jail. Great excitement prevailed there, but Matron Bishop gathered the females in the lower hall and quieted their fears. The fire was confined to the south wing of the jail, which was gutted from roof to cellar. The loss is estimated at \$55,000.

## The Markets.

### REPORT OF WATERTOWN AND BRIGHTON LIVE STOCK MARKET.

(Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.)

### LIVE STOCK YARDS, Oct. 17, 1893.

### At Brighton.

Maine Drovers.

McIntire & Howe, 12 1/2 Hogs, 34

W. A. Berry, 12 1/2 Hogs, 34

P. A. Hall & Son, 30 12 1/2 Hogs, 34

E. F. Stearns, 12 1/2 Hogs, 34

J. M. Philbrook, 12 1/2 Hogs, 34

Dennison & Rogers, 20 12 1/2 Hogs, 34

W. A. Litchfield, 3 21 1/2 Hogs, 34

Libby Co., 3 21 1/2 Hogs, 34

A. E. Hanson, 18 12 1/2 Hogs, 34

F. W. Dyer & Co., 600 12 1/2 Hogs, 34

N. E. D. M. & W. Co., 1080 12 1/2 Hogs, 34

### THE AGGREGATE OF LIVE STOCK AT WATERTOWN AND BRIGHTON YARDS.

Cattle, 2,705; sheep, 12,618; hogs, 29,843; calves, 1,407; horses, 406.

### MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 164; sheep, 2525; hogs, 90; calves, 166; horses, 116.

### CATTLE EXPORTS FOR OLD ENGLAND.

Shipments of cattle from Boston with the week was 1499 head. Market has again dropped, with sales at 10 1/2 to 11 1/2 cents per lb. live weight, 1/2 to 1 1/2 cents for large sizes, and 12 to 13 1/2 cents for twins. Some holders are not willing to sell made twins at less than 1 1/2 cents, and may soon ask more. The market has run along fairly steady for several days past, and sales of Western yesterday were at 22 1/2 to 23 1/2 cents, including special marks of Michigan at outside figure. Fresh Eastern yearlings and two-year-olds were offered more freely at 20 cents, and sales were made at 19 1/2 to 20 cents.

The bean trade has not developed any force, and prices are no higher than last week. Choice small pea run up to 82 per bushel, but most of the receipts consist of mottow pea and mediums, which sold mostly at \$1 85 to \$1 90 per bushel, in lots to the trade. Yellow eyes have been selling at \$2 20.

Liberal supplies of seasonal fruit continue to be received, and low prices are the rule. Choice apples do not command over \$3 50 per bushel, and for most of the receipts \$2 00 to \$3 00 is the range, in round lots. The best Cape cranberries are shown at 15 cents per bushel. The demand for hay has been equal to the receipts, and the market is somewhat depressed. It takes a very choice lot of New York or Canada to command \$18 per ton, and most sales are at \$16 to \$17 per ton. The market for clover is not so good, and sales are at \$13 to \$14 per ton.

### AUGUSTA CITY MARKET.

(Corrected weekly for the Maine Farmer.)

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18.

APPLES—New, 50¢ per bushel; 25¢ per bushel.

BEANS—Pea, 25¢ per bushel; 20¢ per bushel.

BUTTER—Ball butter 20 to 25¢ per pound.

CREAMERY—Factory and domestic new 10 to 12¢.

COTTON SEED MEAL—\$1 50 per cwt.

EGGS—Fresh, 22¢ per dozen.

FLOUR—St. Louis \$4 00 to \$4 50; Patent \$4 50 to \$5 00.

GRAIN—Corn 65¢; oats 48¢; barley 65¢.

HAY—Loose \$10 00 to \$12 00; pressed \$12 00 to \$14 00.

SKINS—Cow hides, 3¢; sheep, 1¢; goat, 1¢.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime \$1 10 per cask; cement \$1 75.

LARD—Tie 13¢; in tin 12¢.

MEAL—Corn 65¢; 50¢ per bushel.

MEAT—Pork 12¢ per lb.; beef 10¢ per lb.

POULTRY—Fowls, 15¢ per lb.; chickens, 15¢ per lb.

POTATOES—New, 50¢ per bushel.

RAISINS—Black, 10¢ per bushel.

SCALES—New, \$1 00 per hundred.

### PORTLAND MARKET.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18.

APPLES—Eating, \$3 50 to \$3 75 per bushel; 25¢ per bushel.

BEANS—Pea, 25¢ per bushel; 20¢ per bushel.

BUTTER—Ball butter 20 to 25¢ per pound.

CREAMERY—Factory and domestic new 10 to 12¢.

COTTON SEED MEAL—\$1 50 per cwt.

EGGS—Fresh, 22¢ per dozen.

FLOUR—St. Louis \$4 00 to \$4 50; Patent \$4 50 to \$5 00.

GRAIN—Corn 65¢; oats 48¢; barley 65¢.

HAY—Loose \$10 00 to \$12 00; pressed \$12 00 to \$14 00.

SKINS—Cow hides, 3¢; sheep, 1¢; goat, 1¢.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime \$1 10 per cask; cement \$1 75.

LARD—Tie 13¢; in tin 12¢.

MEAL—Corn 65¢; 50¢ per bushel.

MEAT—Pork 12¢ per lb.; beef 10¢ per lb.

POULTRY—Fowls, 15¢ per lb.; chickens, 15¢ per lb.

POTATOES—New, 50¢ per bushel.

RAISINS—Black, 10¢ per bushel.

SCALES—New, \$1 00 per hundred.

### WATERTOWN MARKET.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18.

APPLES—Eating, \$3 50 to \$3 75 per bushel; 25¢ per bushel.

BEANS—Pea, 25¢ per bushel; 20¢ per bushel.

BUTTER—Ball butter 20 to 25¢ per pound.

CREAMERY—Factory and domestic new 10 to 12¢.

COTTON SEED MEAL—\$1 50 per cwt.

EGGS—Fresh, 22¢ per dozen.

FLOUR—St. Louis \$4 00 to \$4 50; Patent \$4 50 to \$5 00.

GRAIN—Corn 65¢; oats 48¢; barley 65¢.

HAY—Loose \$10 00 to \$12 00; pressed \$12 00 to \$14 00.

SKINS—Cow hides, 3¢; sheep, 1¢; goat, 1¢.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime \$1 10 per cask; cement \$1 75.

ozen for work somewhat light, yet a few pair changed hands. J. D. Hosmer sold 1 pair of 7 1/2 in. live weight, 3200 lbs. at \$125. 1 pair of 6 in. live weight, 2500 lbs. at \$75. R. W. Foss sold 1 pair of 6 in. live weight, 2800 lbs. at \$85.

### BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

BOSTON, October 17, 1893.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for wheat flour is still, only small lots are selling. We quote fine, superfine and extra at \$2 15 to \$2 75; extra seconds at \$1 80 to \$2 40; winter wheat clear and straight at \$3 20 to \$3 85; winter wheat patents at \$3 80 to \$4 30; Minnesota bakers at \$2 75 to \$3 15, and spring wheat patents at \$4 10 to \$4 65. These quotations include jobbers' and millers' prices. Rye flour is steady at \$3 30 to \$3 75 per bushel. Corn meal is quiet, with sales at 95¢ to \$1 00 for bag, and barrel meal at \$2 20 for choice kiln-dried. Oat meal is in steady request, with sales at \$4 75 to \$5 00 for cut and rolled.

GRAIN.—The market was steady to day for both corn and oats. Steamer yellow corn on track was in short supply and held at 51c. For shipment Chicago No. 2 yellow corn ranged from 50¢ to 51¢, and No. 3 yellow from 49¢ to 50¢, per bushel. Oats were quite firm on the spot, sales being reported closed on track at 38c, and No. 3 white at 37c, per bushel. For shipment, sales were made of clipped oats at 37¢ to 38¢, and of No. 3 white at 35¢ to 36¢, per bushel. Millers' market is fairly active, with bran quoted at \$1 80 to \$2 00 for spring in sacks, for shipment, and \$1 70 to \$1 80 for winter. Middlings sell at \$1 75 to \$1 85 for spring, and up to \$1 90 to \$2 10 for winter. Cotton seed meal is active at \$25 75 to \$26 00 per ton for new.

PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE.—No improvement can be reported in the butter trade. Sales in Boston yesterday were limited, and it is difficult to get an extra quotation from dealers. On Western extra creamery the nominal rate was 27 1/2 to 28 cents, and on Northern 28 to 29 cents. Receivers of Northern creamery gave 29 cents, as the ton price for large lots. Some advance in the forced sales could not realize over 28 to 29 cents. Cold storage stock has been taken at 25 to 26 cents for Western, and 26 to 27 cents for Northern, but buyers are not so ready to pay 27 cents as they were last week. The stock of New York City and Vermont dairy sold freely at 24 to 26 cents, with 27 cents as an extreme.

The tone of the cheese market is in strong contrast with that for butter. Buyers have been operating at full prices, and some advance in the market is to be expected. Sales have ruled at 11 1/2 to 12 1/2 cents for large sizes, and 12 to 13 1/2 cents for twins. Some holders are not willing to sell made twins at less than 1 1/2 cents, and may soon ask more. The market has run along fairly steady for several days past, and sales of Western yesterday were at 22 1/2 to 23 1/2 cents, including special marks of Michigan at outside figure. Fresh Eastern yearlings and two-year-olds were offered more freely at 20 cents, and sales were made at 19 1/2 to 20 cents.

The bean trade has not developed any force, and prices are no higher than last week. Choice small pea run up to 82 per bushel, but most of the receipts consist of mottow pea and mediums, which sold mostly at \$1 85 to \$1 90 per bushel, in lots to the trade. Yellow eyes have been selling at \$2 20.

Liberal supplies of seasonal fruit continue to be received, and low prices are the rule. Choice apples do not command over \$3 50 per bushel, and for most of the receipts \$2 00 to \$3 00 is the range, in round lots. The best Cape cranberries are shown at 15 cents per bushel. The demand for hay has been equal to the receipts, and the market is somewhat depressed. It takes a very choice lot of New York or Canada to command \$18 per ton, and most sales are at \$16 to \$17 per ton. The market for clover is not so good, and sales are at \$13 to \$14 per ton.

### CHICAGO CATTLE MARKET.

CHICAGO, Oct. 17, 1893.

The cattle market—Receipts, 8,000; shipments, 1,000; common to extra steers \$3 25 to \$5 70; stockers and feeders at \$2 25 to \$2 75; cows and bulls, \$1 00 to \$2 40; calves, \$2 00 to \$5 75.

Hogs—Receipts, 1800; shipments, 1000; market weak and lower; heavy at \$9 00 to \$9 50; common to choice mixed at \$6 10 to \$6 50; choice mixed, \$6 05 to \$6 75; Sheep—Receipts, 19,000; shipments, 1000; weak; poor to choice, \$1 00 to \$1 30; lambs, poor, to extra \$2 25 to \$4 75.

### NEW YORK STOCK AND MONEY MARKET.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.

New 4's reg., 110 1/2

New 4's cons., 110 1/2

United States 5's reg., 108 1/2

Central Pacific 5's, 103

Denver & R. G. 1st, 110

Eric 2ds, 67 1/2

### LATEST HORSE NOTES.

Races at Narragansett, Oct. 10, 11.

—Manager Carlton gave the public a series of very satisfactory races at Narragansett, Oct. 10, 11, and 12. The attendance being large. Summaries:

2:27 CLASS—PURSE \$150.

Black Nathan, blk h, by Robson, 2 1/2 1 1 1

Molly, ch m, by Birney, 2 1 1 4 3 3

Chas. Gayford, 2 1 1 4 3 3

Walter, ch m, by Birney, 2 1 1 4 3 3

Helen S, blk m, N W Weston 4 2 3 3 2 0

Dust, ch g, Chas. Dunn, 2 1 1 4 3 3

2:10 CLASS—PURSE \$100.

Carl Redwood, by Redwood, 2 1 1 4 3 3

Echo, ch m, by Victor, A H Rice, 1 1 1 1 1 2

Kit Van Cliff, ch m, B D White, 2 1 1 4 3 3

Walter, ch m, by Birney, 2 1 1 4 3 3

Lily White, blk m, Chas. Dunn, 2 1 1 4 3 3

Rock Island, ch m, R M Small, 4 2 3 3 2 0

Actor, ch m, R S Forest, 2 1 1 4 3 3

2:30 CLASS—PURSE \$100.

St. George, ch m, by Birney, 2 1 1 4 3 3

Croix White, ch m, by Birney, 2 1 1 4 3 3

Mona, ch m, by Birney, 2 1 1 4 3 3

Time—3:05 1/2